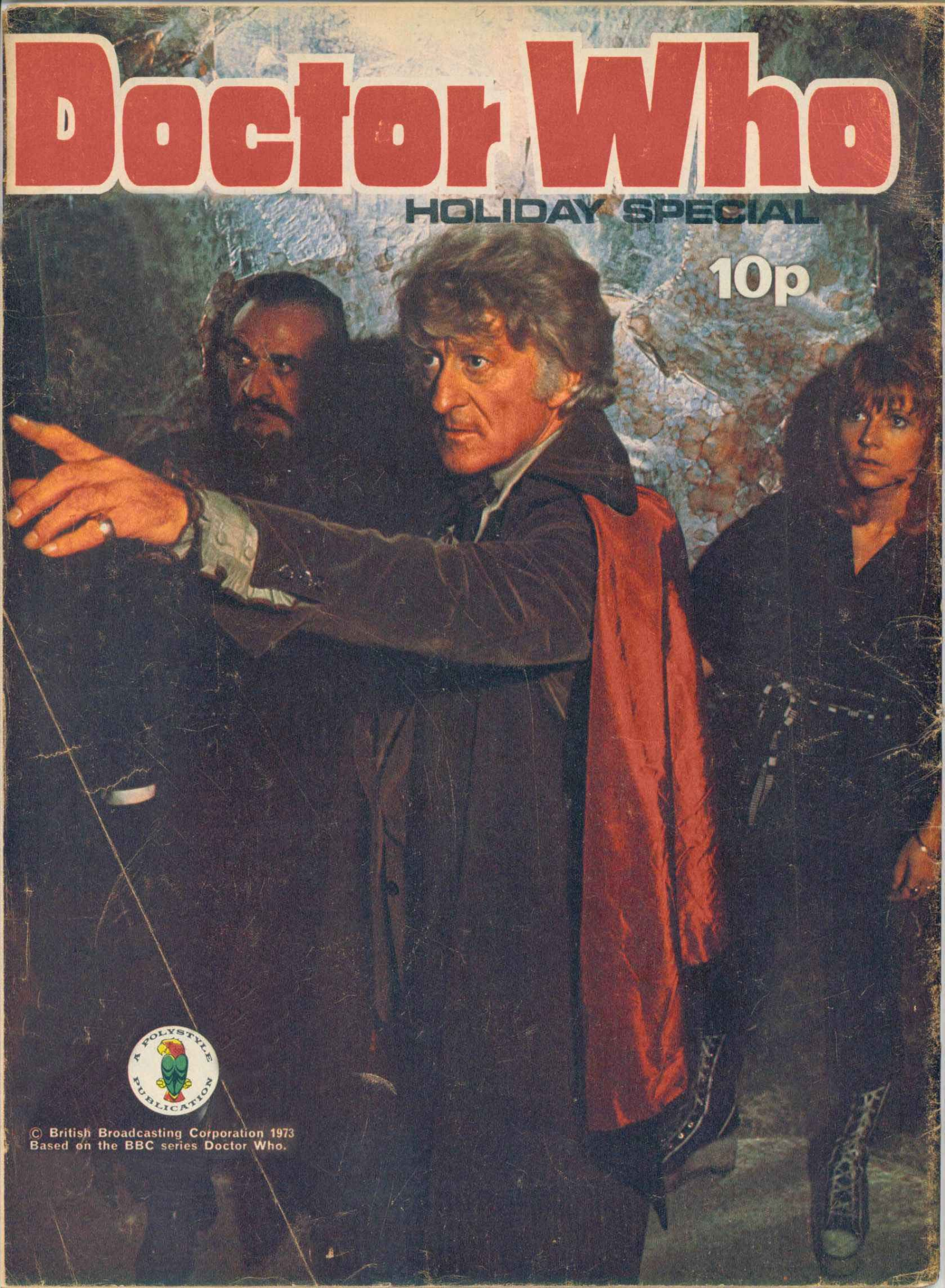
# Doctor Who

## HOLIDAY SPECIAL

10p



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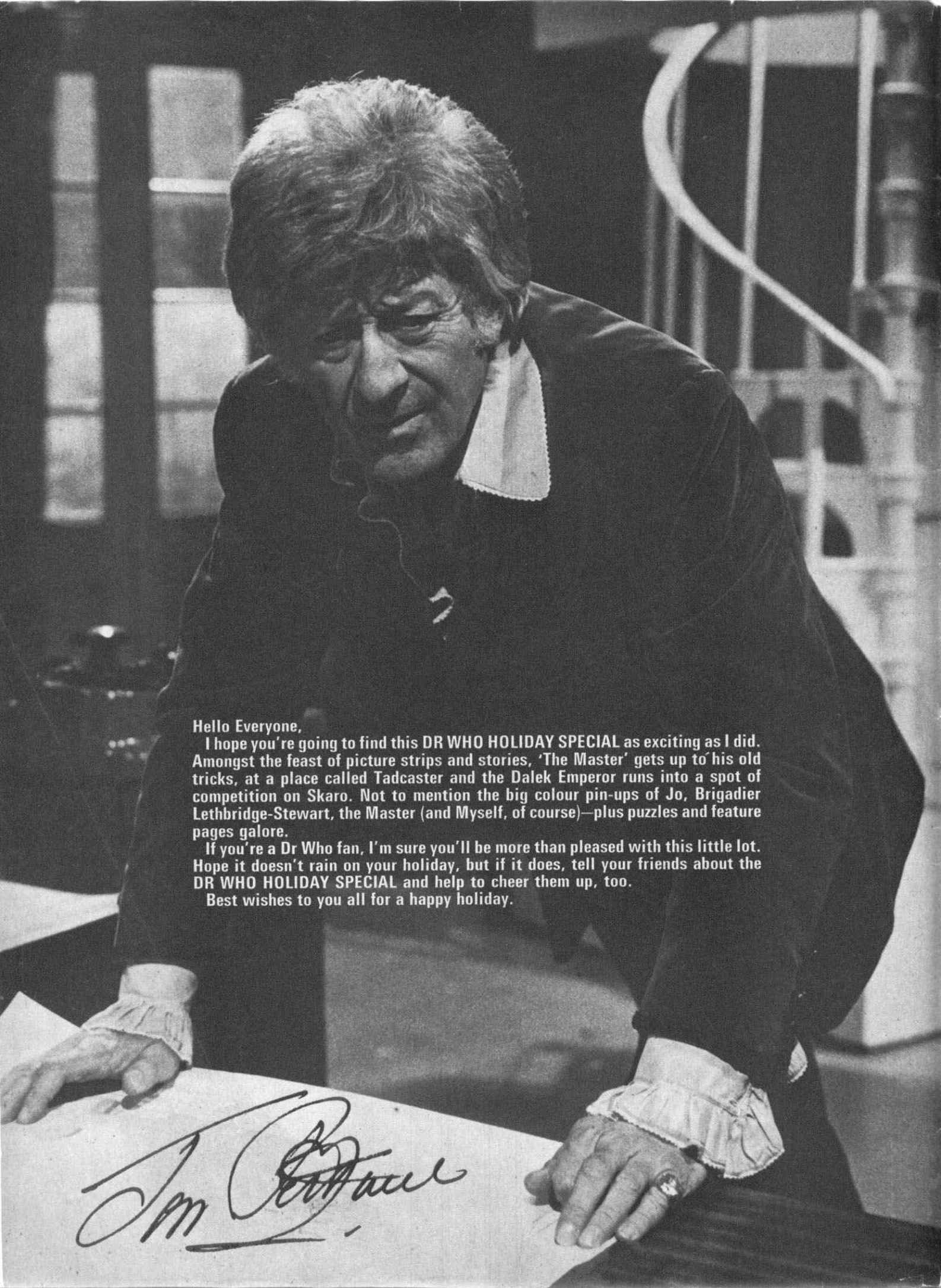

Hello Everyone,

I hope you're going to find this DR WHO HOLIDAY SPECIAL as exciting as I did. Amongst the feast of picture strips and stories, 'The Master' gets up to his old tricks, at a place called Tadcaster and the Dalek Emperor runs into a spot of competition on Skaro. Not to mention the big colour pin-ups of Jo, Brigadier Lethbridge-Stewart, the Master (and Myself, of course)—plus puzzles and feature pages galore.

If you're a Dr Who fan, I'm sure you'll be more than pleased with this little lot. Hope it doesn't rain on your holiday, but if it does, tell your friends about the DR WHO HOLIDAY SPECIAL and help to cheer them up, too.

Best wishes to you all for a happy holiday.

# Dr. WHO in FOGBOUND

IT LOOKS AS IF THE PAVILION'S ON FIRE!
THAT ISN'T SMOKE - IT'S A SEA MIST BLOWING IN...
SECONDS LATER...
FASTEST-MOVING MIST I'VE EVER SEEN - AND THE THICKEST!
BUT WITHIN MINUTES, THE 'MIST' COVERS THE WHOLE SEA-FRONT...
CHARLIE - WHERE ARE YOU?
FRANK LANGFORD
COULD BE A FREAK STORM COMING. LET'S GET BACK TO THE HOTEL!

TWENTYFOUR HOURS LATER - MANY MILES FROM TADCASTER...
ALL LIFE IN TADCASTER AT A STANDSTILL! AND THE 'FOG' IS SAID TO BE SPREADING INLAND!
NOW WHO'S THAT AT THE DOOR?

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SOMEONE'S SENT YOU A PICTURE POSTCARD, DOCTOR..
A NICE VIEW OF THE PIER... AT TADCASTER!
THANKS, FRED.
THE MASTER!
-Wish you were here!
The Master
MINUTES LATER...
WELL, HERE I AM, DOCTOR! WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT?
LET'S GET BACK TO THE HELICOPTER, BRIGADIER. WE'RE OFF TO NOT-SO-SUNNY TADCASTER!
THE DOCTOR EXPLAINS. BUT THEN...
SO IT'S THE MASTER'S HANDIWORK! THAT FOG'S SO DENSE THAT OUR RADAR CAN'T PENETRATE IT. WHAT'S MORE THE FOG'S SPREADING!
...AND SURELY THAT'S WHY HE SENT THE POSTCARD... IT'S A TRAP. ISN'T IT BETTER TO FIND A WAY OF DISPERSING IT?
THERE ISN'T ENOUGH TIME. HIS PLANS ARE OBVIOUSLY WELL UNDERWAY.
JUST TAKE ME AS NEAR TO TADCASTER AS YOU CAN BRIGADIER. IN FACT I KNOW THE VERY SPOT.
VERY WELL, DOCTOR... I'LL KEEP PERMANENT PATROL OVER AND AROUND THE FOG-BELT WHILE YOU'RE IN THERE!

PUT ME DOWN IN THE GROUNDS OF THAT HOUSE!
WE COULD GET CLOSER THAN THIS, DOCTOR!
I'M GOING TO NEED HELP - AND THAT'S WHERE I'LL GET IT.
I DON'T UNDERSTAND!
HALLO, JOE! IT'S ME...THE DOCTOR! I NEED YOUR HELP.
DOCTOR! IT'S GOOD TO HEAR YOUR VOICE AGAIN! WHAT'S UP?
YOU WERE BORN IN TADCASTER, JOE. HOW WELL DO YOU REMEMBER IT?
I KNOW TADCASTER LIKE THE BACK OF MY HAND!
THAT'S JUST WHAT I HOPED YOU WOULD SAY.
AND SO...
THIS IS AS FAR AS WE CAN GO SAFELY, DOCTOR.
LOOKS AS IF THE CITIZENS ARE EVACUATING THE TOWN! COME ON, JOE, LET'S GET MOVING.
RIGHT, DOCTOR... I'LL HAVE YOU IN THE TOWN CENTRE IN AN HOUR OR SO!
BE PREPARED FOR THE FOG TO CLEAR SUDDENLY, BRIGADIER -IF IT CLEARS AT ALL!

JOE AND THE DOCTOR ENTER A WORLD OF TOTAL DARKNESS... BUT NOT DARKNESS FOR JOE...
WE GO DOWN HERE ABOUT HALF-A-MILE... TURN LEFT ON COBBLE-STONES... THEN RIGHT WHEN WE SMELL THE GASWORKS...
HEAD FOR THE PIER, JOE. THAT'S WHERE IT STARTED!
ONE HOUR LATER...
JUST OVER THERE'S THE PARK-AND PIER BEYOND IT. ABOUT EIGHTY PACES ON A SIXTY-DEGREE BEARING TO OUR LEFT... THAT'LL BRING US TO THE PARK...
NOT US, JOE - I GO ON ALONE NOW. WAIT FOR ME HERE!
THE MASTER WANTS ME... I CAN'T RISK JOE'S LIFE - NOW IT'S UP TO ME! THIRTY-EIGHT PACES ... THIRTY-NINE... FORTY...
AND AT THE PIER-HEAD - IN A ROOM MIRACULOUSLY FREE FROM FOG...
NO SIGN OF HIM YET.
A MAN HEADING THIS WAY... WALKING STEADILY... IT MUST BE THE DOCTOR! NOW NOTHING CAN STOP ME!
WITH THE AID OF SPECIAL LENSES, THE MASTER LOOKS OUT AT THE DESERTED SEA FRONT...
I WONDER IF THE DOCTOR WILL SEE THE JOKE?
SUDDENLY...
THEN...
THERE HE IS! HE MUST BE MADE TO REALISE HOW HELPLESS HE IS!
IS IT YOU..?
OF COURSE IT IS, DOCTOR. BUT YOU'LL NEVER CATCH ME.

COME ON, DOCTOR! DON'T DRAG YOUR HEELS!
GHOST
IF ONLY I CAN GET MY HANDS ON HIM! NO SCIENCE TO HELP ME NOW – JUST LUCK!
THERE HE IS...
YOU'RE GETTING WARM, DOCTOR! OOPS ... NEARLY!
SIT DOWN YOU LOOK TIRED! I'LL GIVE YOU A RIDE!
EXIT
"EEEEEEEYAH!
SQUEEGH!
WHOO-OOO!
WHAT THE DEVIL'S GOING ON...
ENJOYING YOURSELF, DOCTOR? HA! HA! HA!
WHAT..?
SO YOU'RE THE BLOKE THE DOCTOR'S AFTER!
BUT THE MASTER'S ENJOYMENT SUDDENLY ENDS...
NEXT MOMENT...
THE INTERFERING FOOL -HE'S SHATTERED ONE OF MY DISPELLER -LENSES... MUST GET BACK TO THE PIERHEAD - MUST BREAK THE PODS BEFORE THE LENSES GIVE OUT!

JOE! WHAT HAPPENED... WHERE'S THE MASTER?

I CAUGHT HIM A CRACK AND HE BOLTED! HEADED UP THE PIER I RECKON!

WE MUST FOLLOW... I THINK I KNOW WHAT HE'S UP TO! BUT HE'S GOT A GOOD START ON US.

I KNOW A QUICKER WAY THAN WALKING!

MEANWHILE, THE MASTER HIS REACHED HIS DESTINATION...

THEY MAY NOT BE READY - BUT I HAVE NO TIME TO WAIT. THE MIST-FLOWERS OF SARKAN MUST BLOOM NOW!

A STRANGE NOISE DISTURBS THE EVIL GENIUS...

THE PIER TRAIN! IT MUST BE HIM!

YARDS FROM THE PIER HEAD THE DOCTOR AND JOE JUMP CLEAR...

AHHHH!

DID WE GET HIM, DOCTOR? I HEARD AN ALMIGHTY YELL WHEN THE ENGINE WENT OVER!

I THINK SO, JOE... AND THE MIST-FLOWERS WITH HIM... THE FOG'S CLEARING ALREADY!

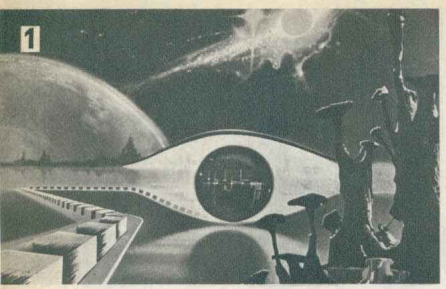
SARKAN... A PLANET SHROUDED IN DENSE FOG - FROM THE MIST FLOWERS IF THE MASTER HAD BEEN ABLE TO MAKE THEM FLOWER ON EARTH..! BUT THEY CAN'T LIVE IN THE SEA.

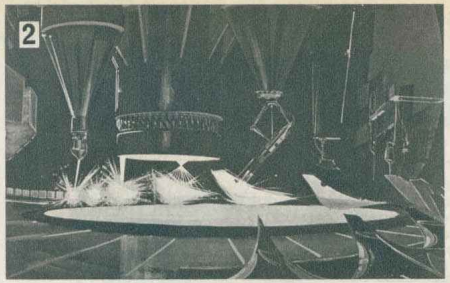
DID THE MASTER SURVIVE?

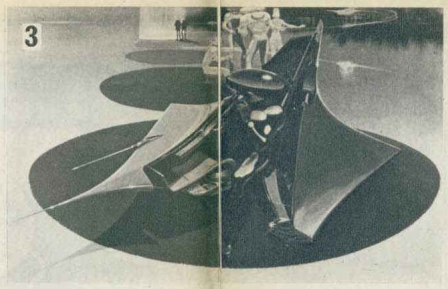
I'D LIKE TO THINK NOT. BUT I'VE SAID THAT BEFORE I HAVE A NASTY SUSPICION THAT HE'LL TURN UP AGAIN!

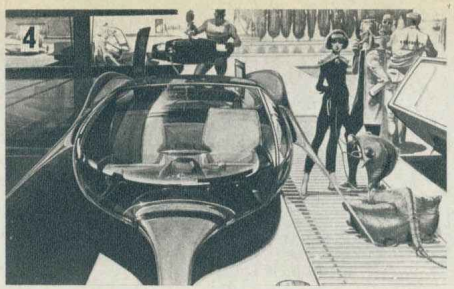
# Lunar Laughs!

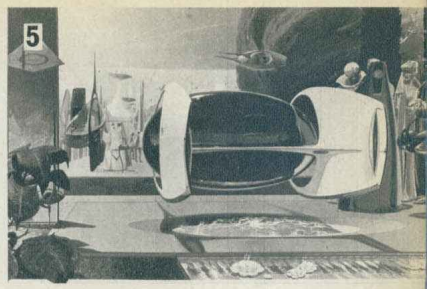
OUR MISSION IS TO MAKE SCIENTIFIC OBSERVATIONS OF THE MOON'S SURFACE, WATKINS, AND NOT TO JUMP TO CONCLUSIONS AS TO WHAT IT WOULD APPEAR TO BE MADE OF..!




# A Thousand years from now

RESEARCH designers of the Ford Motor Company recently stretched their imaginations in a science-fiction type exercise in which they predicted the shape of transport vehicles that might be around in the year 3000.

By that time, it was assumed, man would have conquered space and time and spread his civilisation throughout the solar system and near star systems, and is in the process of inter-galactic explorations. So let's take it from there.

The need for specialised transportation has increased to a mind-boggling degree. Vehicles must be able to operate not only on planets, but to traverse outer space as well, and must be durable and reliable in alien environments.

The vehicles will be manufactured in a fully-automated, computerised, nuclear-powered factory under a transparent dome (picture 1). Raw material in the form of matrix cubes enters the shielded sphere of the nuclear converter. Its outside walls show a computer pattern which identifies the model presently in production.

The factory produces an almost infinite variety of vehicles, merely by setting the computer so that the required component matrix cubes enter the converter at different frequencies. The compressed molecular arrangement of each vehicle component are catalystically synthesized by the nuclear converter (picture 2) into the completed vehicle seen in the foreground.

The small one-man vehicle (picture 3) might be considered as a "single-seat sports car" or, with special modifications, as a patrol or interceptor craft with a speed of near light velocity, capable of interplanetary travel. The driver or pilot is wearing special equipment to combat the extreme G-forces of high velocity flight.

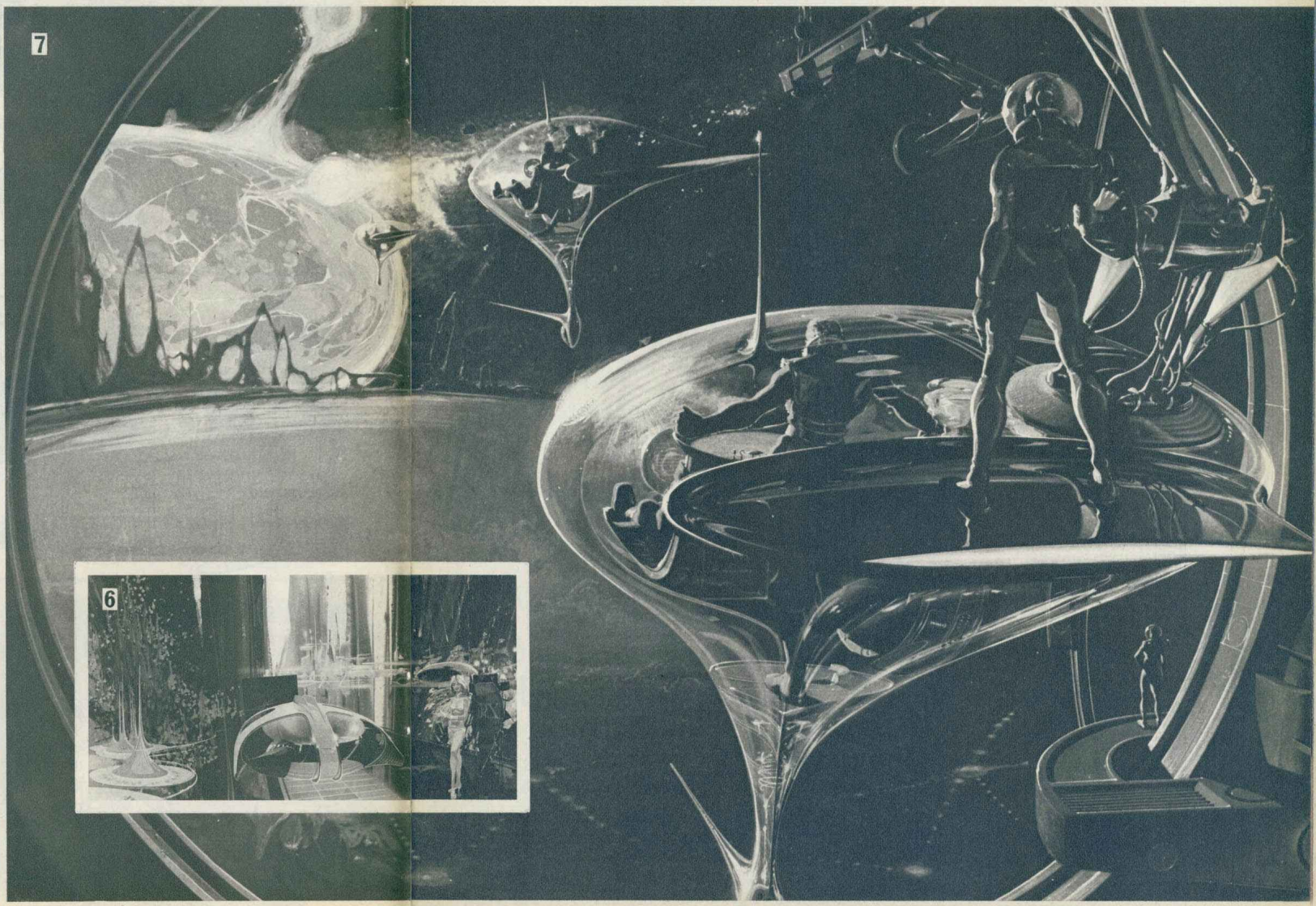
The two-seater Alpha (picture 4) is a dual-purpose, high performance craft capable of space travel as well as use near the surface of planets and satellites. The Alpha is shown at a maintenance station having its ion drive unit replaced after the normal 10 parsec service inspection. The weird-looking pet-animal in the scene is a research designer's idea of what animal life on another planet might look like.

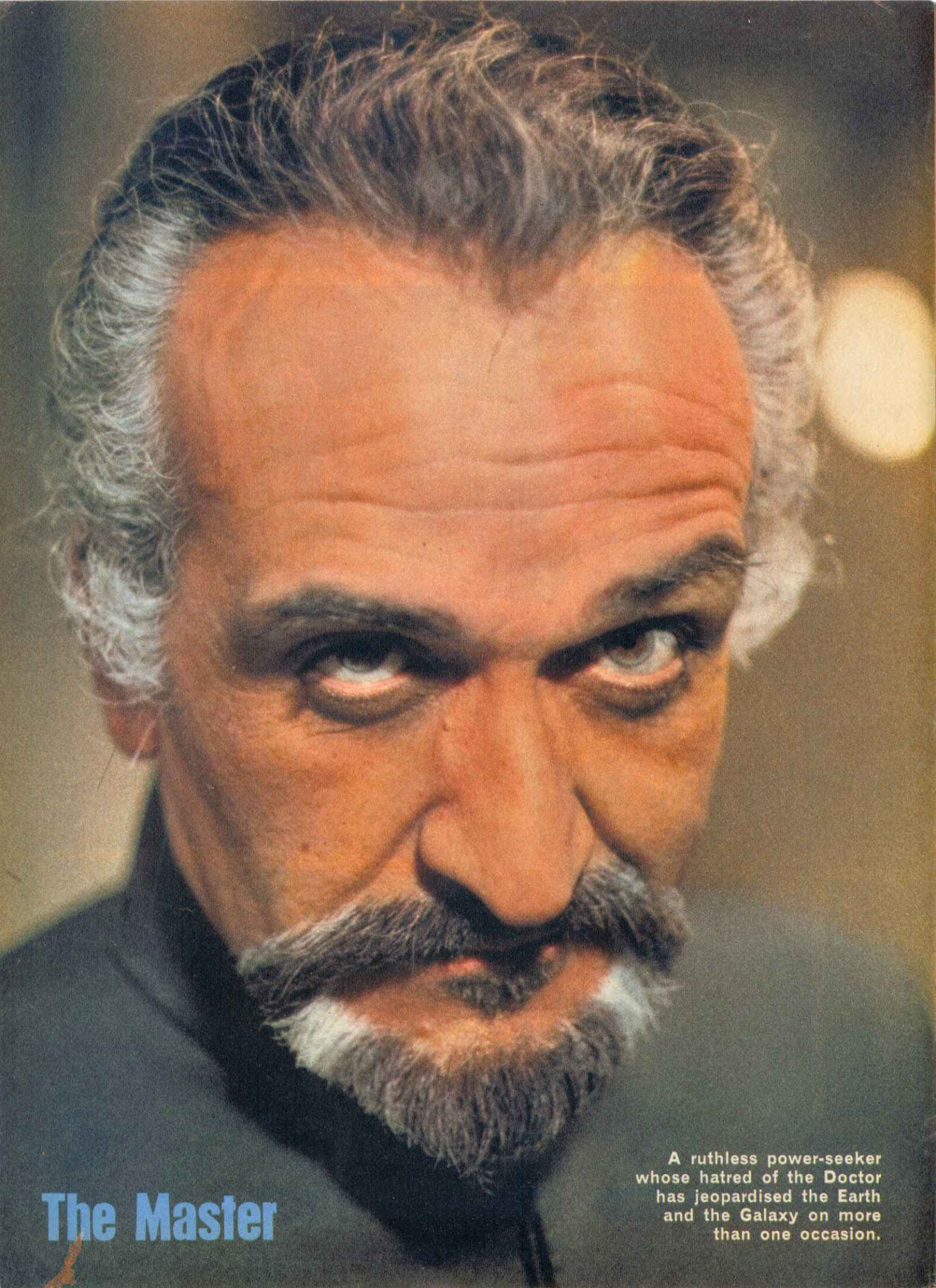
The Beta (picture 5) is designed for surface travel only. The completely transparent body shell floats within the outrigger propulsion and steering pods. It is supported by an anti-gravity device and propelled by a low-yield reactor turbine. Speed about 500 mph. The Gamma (picture 6) is a compound vehicle, part space ship, part submarine.

The exploration of alien planets requires a highly specialised vehicle. This might take the shape of a transparent shell (picture 7) made of diamond-hard plastic material, giving visual as well as instrument observation in all directions. The transparent shell would screen out the deadly radiation that permeates interstellar space and control the level of light admission.

The scene shows an expedition landing on the surface of a planet belonging to a yet unexplored triple star system. Members of the expedition are setting out in transparent shells from the mother ship to explore the strange world. Their purpose will be to determine if it is suitable for human habitation and to analyse the physical make-up of the planet for its mineral content.

If you think the Ford research designers have stretched their imaginations too far, just consider man's amazing technological progress in the last hundred years.





# The Master

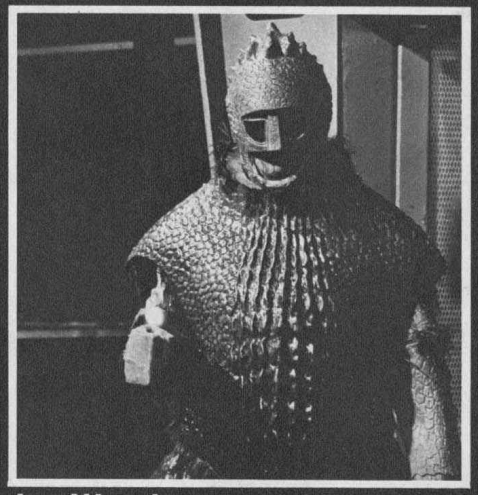
A ruthless power-seeker whose hatred of the Doctor has jeopardised the Earth and the Galaxy on more than one occasion.

# The Doctor

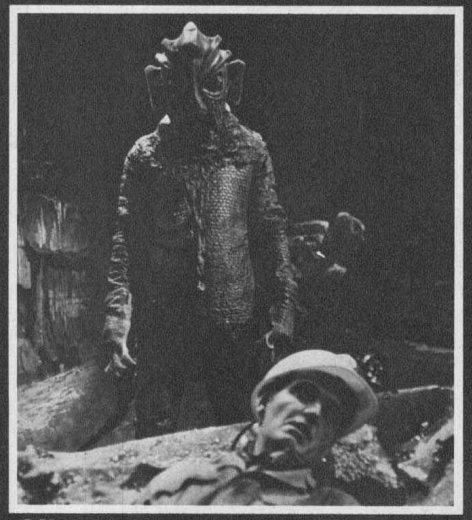
Time-traveller and friend of Earth, the Doctor pursues knowledge by fighting on the side of good.

# THE ENEMIES OF DOCTOR WHO

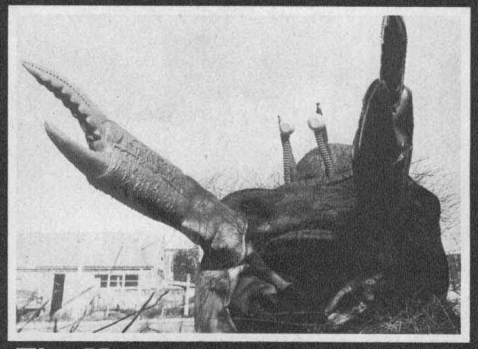
Axon



Ice Warrior

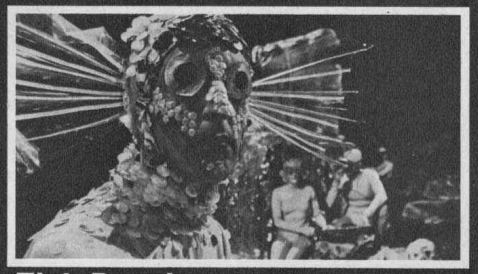


Silurians

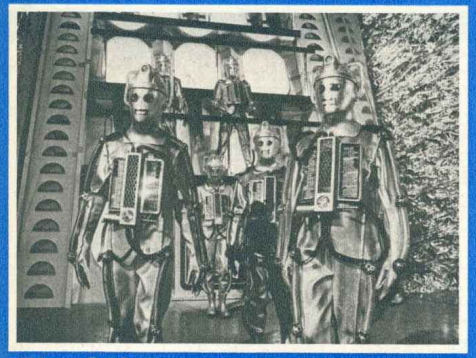


The Macra

The Mutants

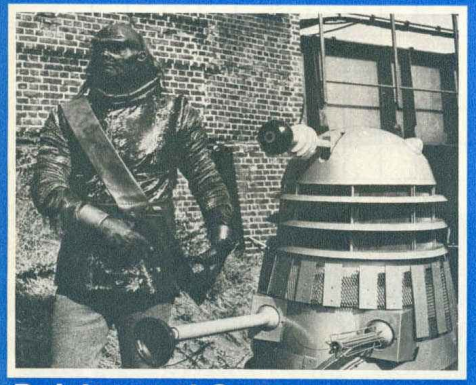


Fish People



The Cybermen

Alpha Centauri



Daleks—and Ogron

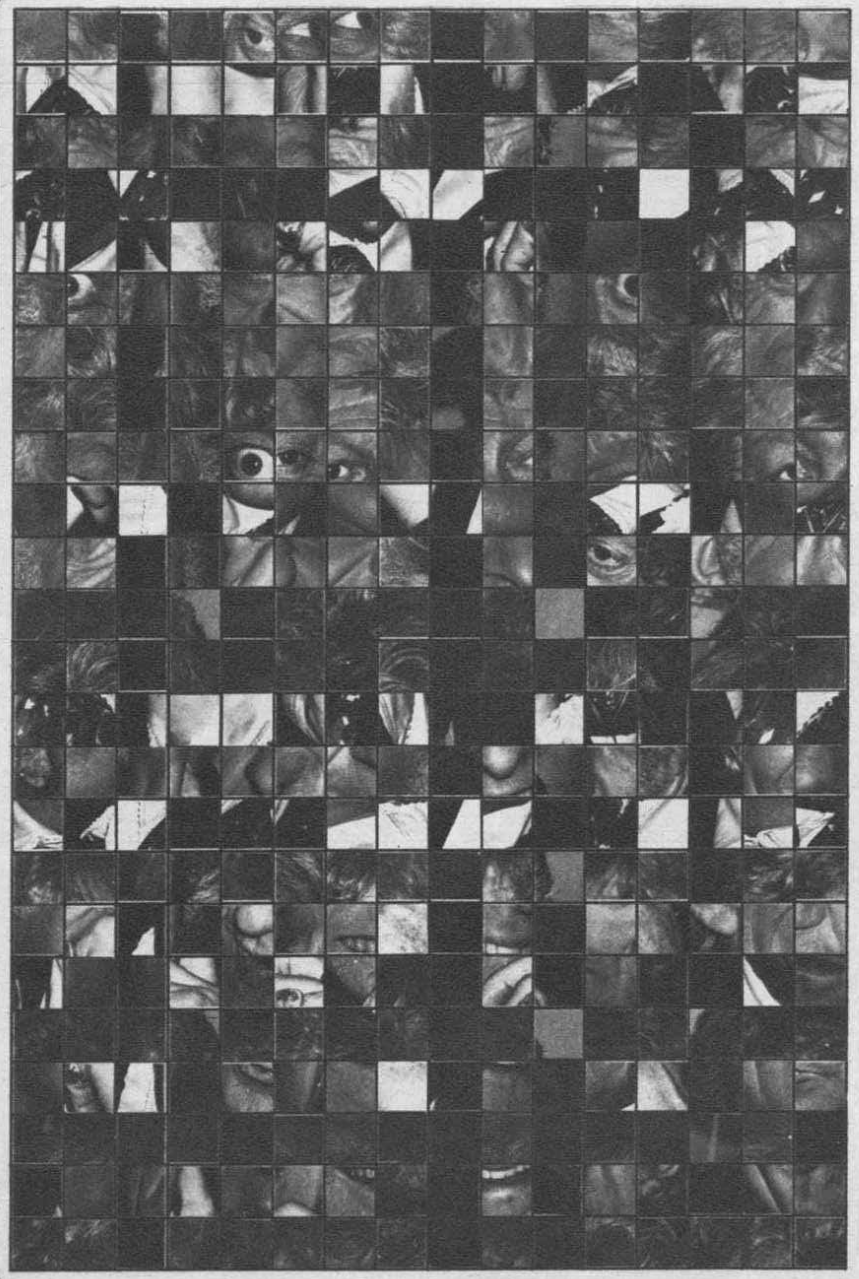
The Guardian

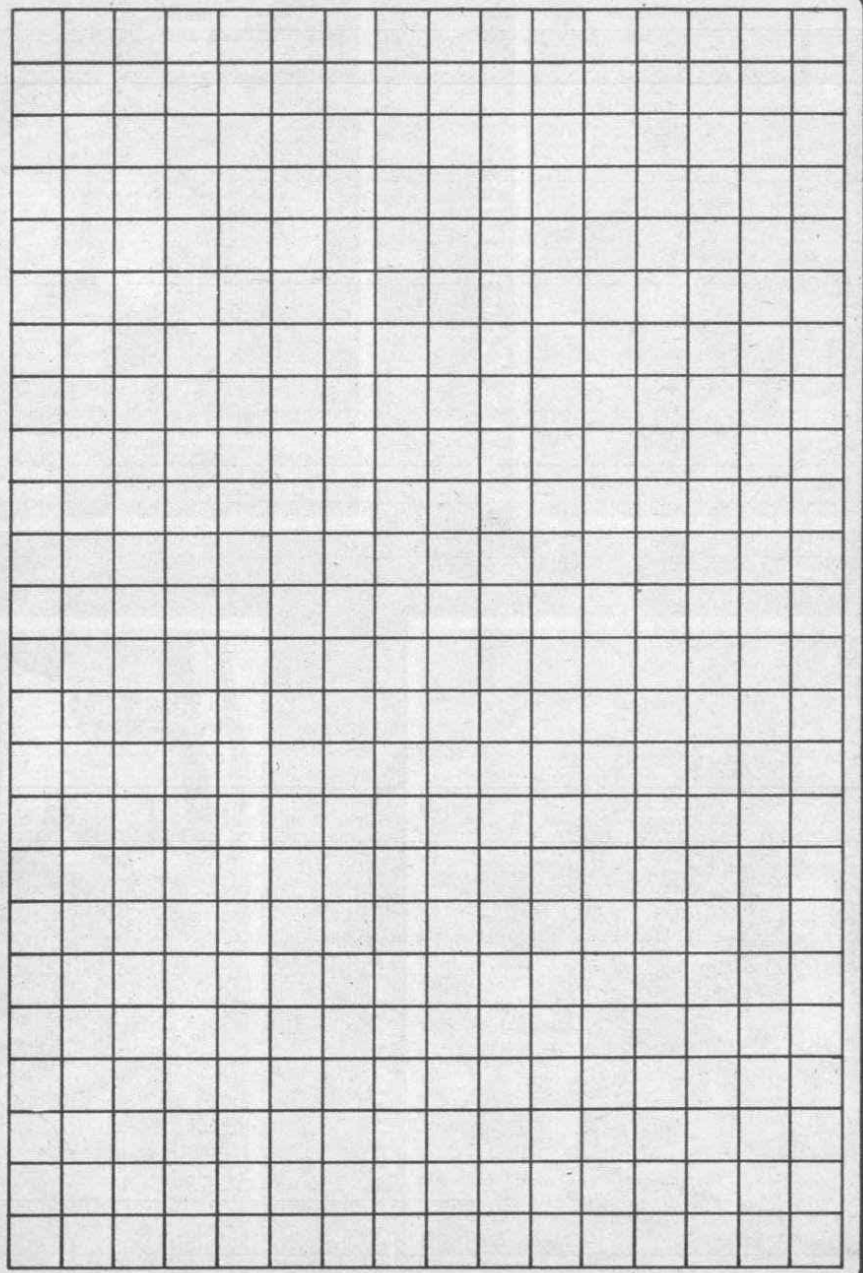
The Monoids

Sea Devils

# Picture Probe

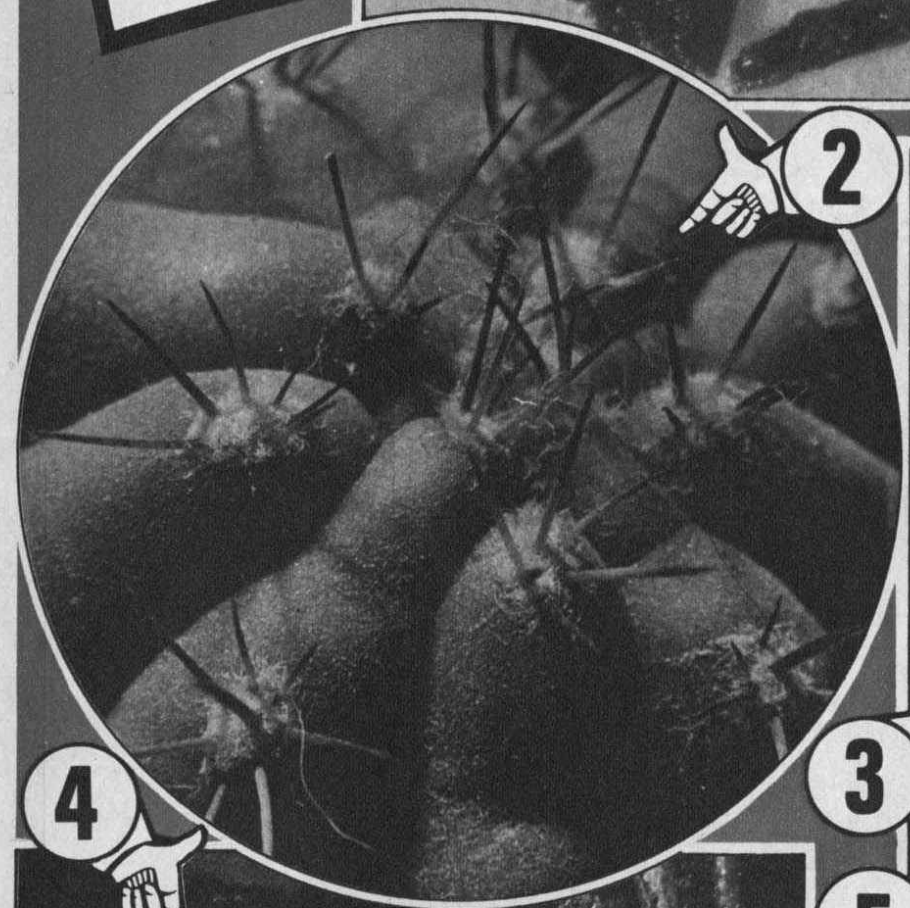
**Here's something to test your skill. The grid on the left contains a picture of someone you know well. But the picture, as you can see, has been cut up and rearranged. The pieces are identified by the number at the top and the letter at the side. Using the grid on the right, cut and paste each coded piece into its new position. One word of warning, make sure you only cut and move one piece at a time.**

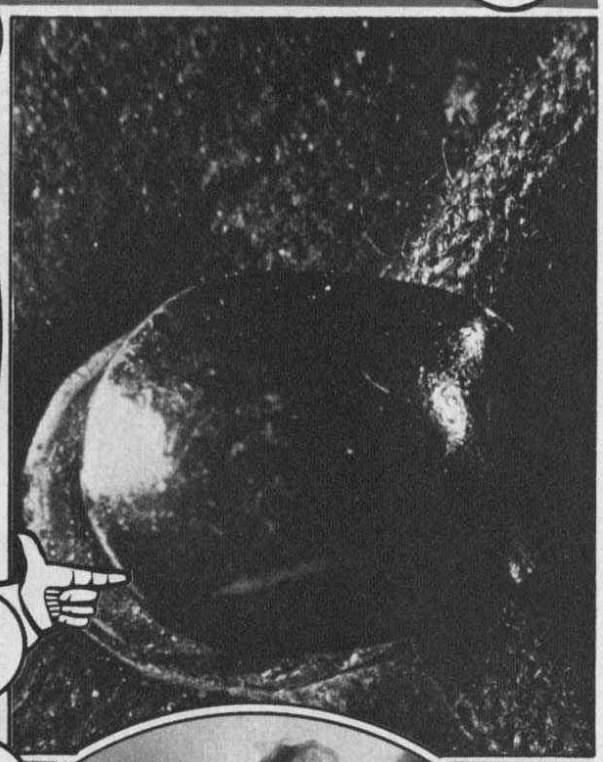


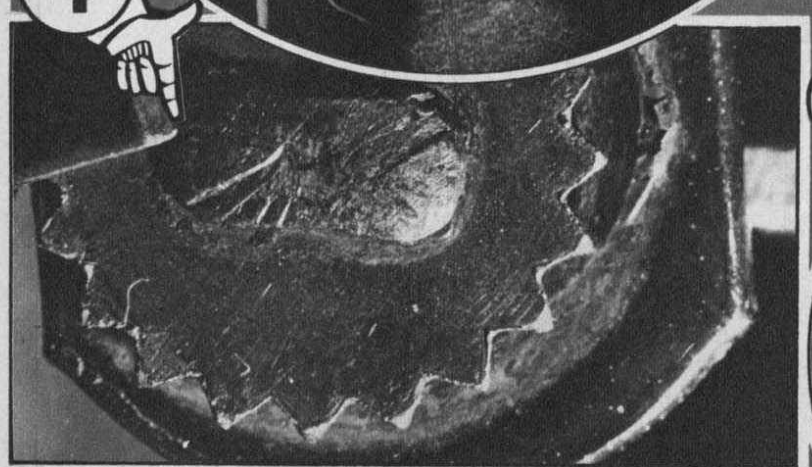



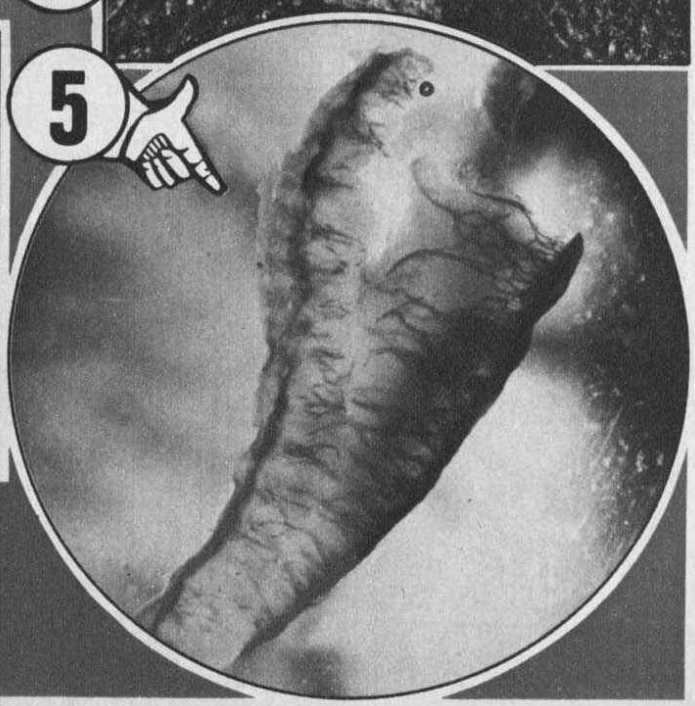
# Guess what!

Just look at these photographs of commonplace, easy-to-recognise objects . . . and guess what they are when magnified to this size.




## ANSWERS

1. Tea leaves
2. Cactus
3. Shoe lace retainer
4. Can opener
5. Marmalade.

# DALEK DUEL

THE MIXTURE IS NEARLY READY...
IN THE DALEK CITY, ALWAYS THE SEARCH FOR IMPROVED PROTECTION. ALWAYS THE SEARCH FOR A SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY THAT WILL ONE DAY MAKE THEM INDESTRUCTIBLE.

ZEG IS CAREFUL TO MEASURE OUT THE PRECISE AMOUNTS, FOR THE MATERIALS HE USES ARE DEADLY DANGEROUS.
NOW TO EXPOSE THE MIXTURE TO ARTIFICIAL SUNLIGHT.

INCREDIBLE HEAT STRIKES INTO THE CENTRE OF ZEG'S NEW MIXTURE.
NOT MORE THAN 20 VEPS WORTH, I THINK.
VEPS

THE VIOLENT OQUOLLOQUOX, A FIERCE GALE WHICH OCCURS ONLY EVERY SIX YEARS ON SKARO, SHRIEKS TOWARDS THE CITY IN THE SAND.

THE STORM HITS THE CITY...
EMERGENCY! MAGNETISE SAND. COVER THE CITY.

A THUNDERBOLT CRASHES THROUGH INTO THE INVENTIONS FACTORY...

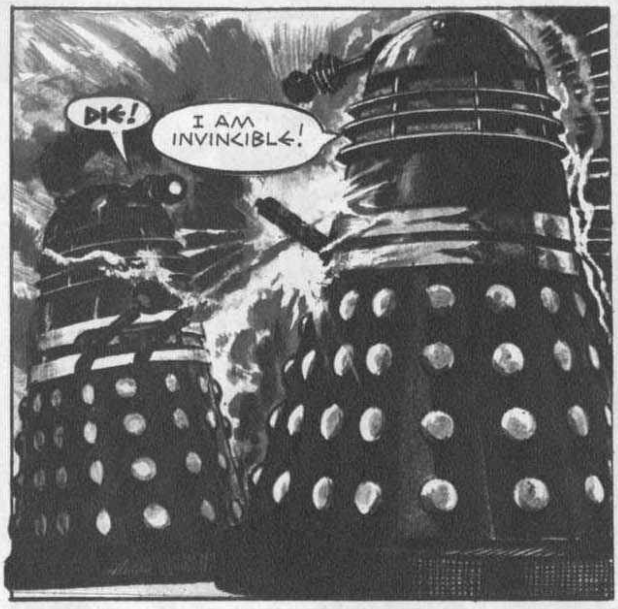
THE ARTIFICIAL SUNLIGHT HEATS UP TO A BLISTERING EIGHTY VEPS...
THUNDERBOLT MAY HAVE... DONE DAMAGE. MUST TURN OFF ARTIFICIAL SUNLIGHT...

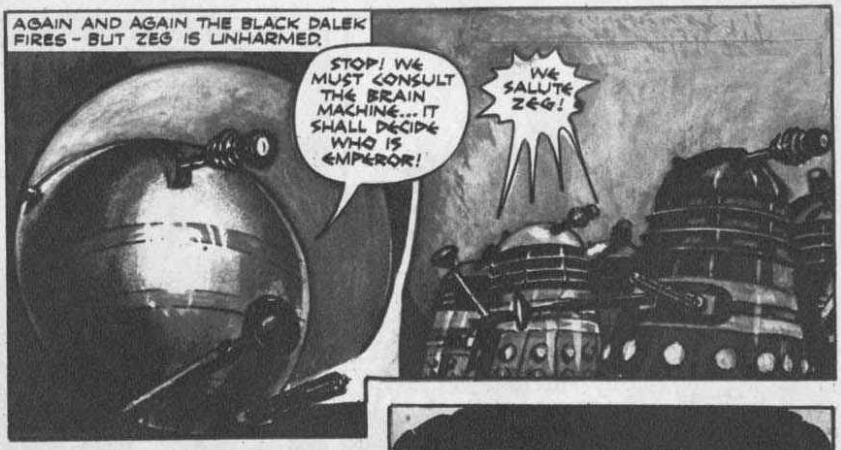
BUT ZEG IS TOO LATE...
THE HEAT!! THE DREADFUL HEAT OF IT!! AAAH!

BUT ZEG IS NOT DESTROYED. THE NEW METALS AND CHEMICALS SOAK THROUGH THE DALEK — CLING TO HIM — BECOME A NEW PART OF HIM.
WHAT HAS HAPPENED... TO ME? I HAVE... A STRANGE NEW FEELING... ALMOST OF... OF JOY!

ARE YOU DAMAGED?
NO!! BUT I FEEL... DYNAMIK!

DALEKS! ALL I FEEL IS STRENGTH... AND POWER!
WE WILL ESCORT YOU TO THE EXAMINATION CHAMBER, ZEG!
FOR THE REST OF THAT DAY, ZEG IS EXAMINED.
HIS OUTER CASING HAS BECOME MUCH STRONGER. BUT HIS BRAIN CELLS ARE AFFECTED. LISTEN TO THE WAY HE TALKS.
I—AM—INVINCIBLE.
WE MUST DESTROY HIM.
DESTRUCTION RAINS DOWN ON ZEG, BUT...
YOUR RAYS ARE USELESS... NOTHING CAN STOP ME...
THE PROBLEM OF METAL FATIGUE. SPACE TRAVEL MEANS HEAT FAR STRONGER THAN OUR CASINGS CAN STAND.
THAT IS NOT SO... I HAVE INVENTED METALERT!
AT THAT MOMENT, IN THE CITY CENTRE, THE DALEK EMPEROR ADDRESSES A MULTITUDE ABOUT THE DELAYS IN THEIR SPACE CONQUEST PROGRAMME.
WE ARE NEAR SUCCESS. ONLY ONE THING REMAINS TO BE SOLVED.
...A SUBSTANCE STRONGER THAN THE SUNS HEAT. WITH MY SECRET WE CAN CONQUER SPACE — BUT I MUST BE EMPEROR!
YOU DARE CHALLENGE MY AUTHORITY...
I AM EMPEROR - TESTED BY THE DALEK BRAIN MACHINE - WHAT CLAIM HAS A MERE INVENTOR LIKE ZEG?
I CANNOT BE DESTROYED!
MY CLAIM IS STRENGTH - I WILL SUBMIT TO THE FIRE POWER OF ANY DALEK.
THEN - FACE THE BLACK DALEK!
THE DREADED BLACK DALEK GLIDES FORWARD...
YOUR LAST MOMENTS HAVE COME, ZEG! YOU WILL BE COSMIC DUST IN TEN MEGS.
OTHER DALEKS SCATTER...
-8-9-
I AM ZEG - THE GREATEST OF ALL DALEKS!


DIE!
I AM INVINCIBLE!

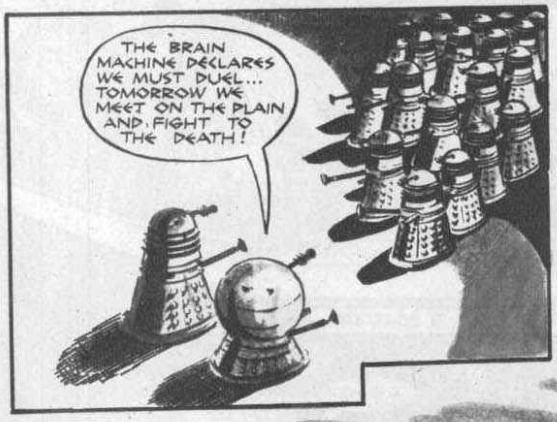

AGAIN AND AGAIN THE BLACK DALEK FIRES - BUT ZEG IS UNHARMED.
STOP! WE MUST CONSULT THE BRAIN MACHINE... IT SHALL DECIDE WHO IS EMPEROR!
WE SALUTE ZEG!

MY POWER WILL CRUSH YOU!
WE SHALL SEE!

THE MACHINE THROBS AS THE ANSWER FLASHES ON THE SCREEN.
ZEG MUST PROVE
BRAINS - EMPEROR
MUST PROVE STRENGTH
- THE VICTOR OF A
DUEL WILL RULE
DALEKS!

ZEG WATCHES AS THE EMPEROR FEEDS INFORMATION TO THE BRAIN MACHINE.
BRAIN... RECEIVING
I HAVE GIVEN ALL THE FACTS ABOUT ZEG - NOW ANSWER - WHO IS TO LEAD THE DALEKS?
I WILL BE CHOSEN!

WHY WASTE TIME WITH A DUEL? I AM THE STRONGEST DALEK!
YOU ARE STRONG, ZEG, BUT IS STRENGTH ENOUGH?


THE BRAIN MACHINE DECLARES WE MUST DUEL... TOMORROW WE MEET ON THE PLAIN AND FIGHT TO THE DEATH!

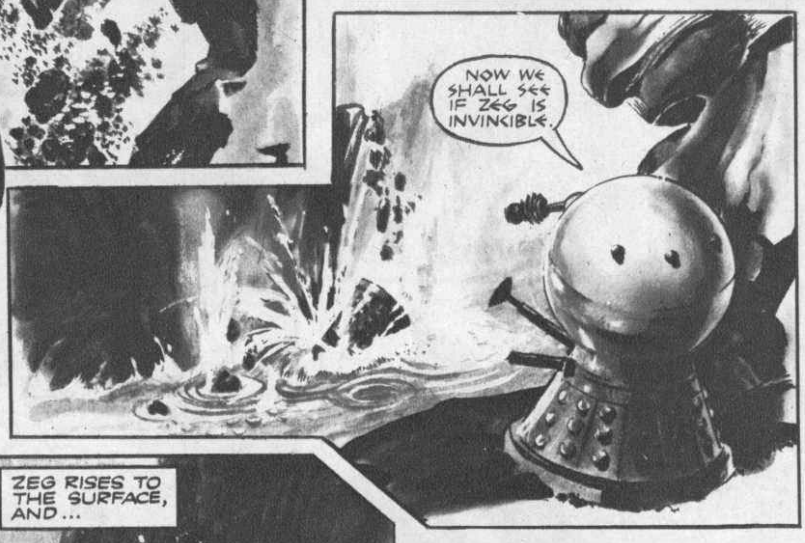
THE NEXT DAY, ZEG ENTERS THE PLAIN, BUT...
THE EMPEROR IS NOT HERE... HE IS FRIGHTENED TO FACE ME. BUT I WILL HUNT HIM DOWN AND DESTROY HIM!

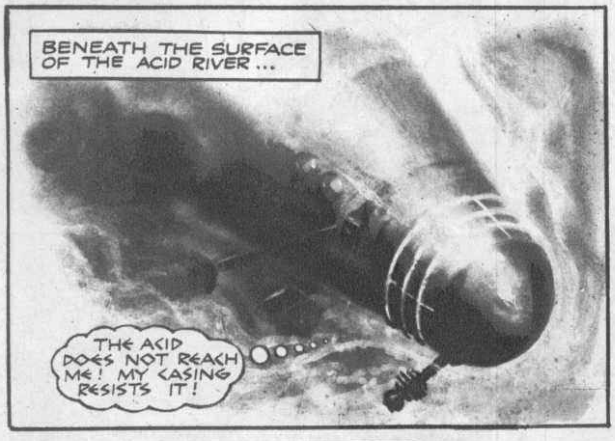
ZEG'S SEARCH TAKES HIM TO THE ACID RIVER...
HIS TRACKS LED THIS WAY... HE MUST BE SOMEWHERE HERE!

THE EMPEROR WATCHES FROM COVER...
A LITTLE NEARER...

THE EMPEROR USES HIS RAY!
A TRAP!

THE EMPEROR'S PLAN SUCCEEDS.
THE ROCK'S CRUMBLING!! I'M FALLING... INTO THE ACID!


NOW WE SHALL SEE IF ZEG IS INVINCIBLE.


BENEATH THE SURFACE OF THE ACID RIVER...
THE ACID DOES NOT REACH ME! MY CASING RESISTS IT!

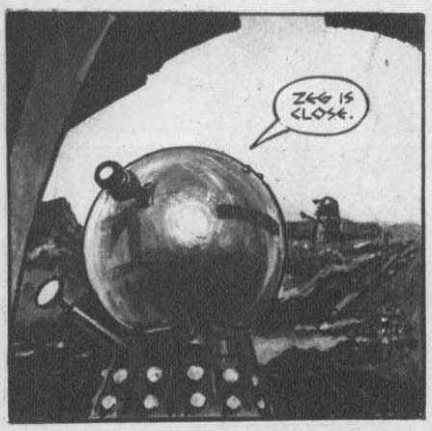
ZEG RISES TO THE SURFACE, AND...
I MUST GET TO THE BANK AND DESTROY THE EMPEROR ONCE AND FOR ALL!

ZEG PICKS UP THE EMPEROR'S TRAIL...

THE EMPEROR TURNS FROM THE RIVER.
ZEG HAS ESCAPED FROM THE ACID... BUT I AM NOT BEATEN YET.

I MUST WATCH MY STEP — THE EMPEROR IS CLEVER... HE HAD ALL LAST NIGHT TO SET TRAPS!

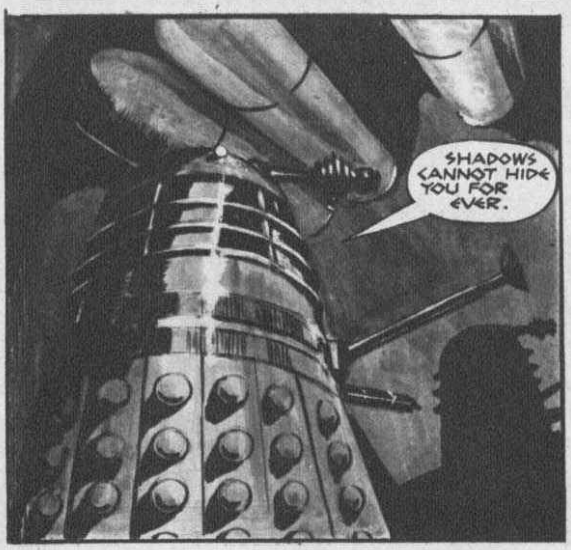
THE TRACKS LEAD TO THE MERCURY GEYSERS...
THERE HE IS... AND SO BUSY WITH WHAT HE IS DOING THAT HE HAS NOT SEEN ME!
ZEG'S FIRE STICK SPITS TREMENDOUS POWER...
DEATH TO THE EMPEROR!
NOW I AM EMPEROR!
MY NEXT ACT WILL BE TO SMASH THE BRAIN MACHINE. —THEN I SHALL BE THE LEADER— ALWAYS!
THE WILY EMPEROR FIRES— BUT NOT AT ZEG.
THE COURSE OF THE MERCURY GEYSER MUST BE DEFLECTED.
IT IS... INFLATABLE PLASTIC.
YOU HAVE FALLEN FOR MY TRAP, ZEG.
BUT THE BATTLE IS NOT WON...
THIS IS NOT THE EMPEROR'S CASING... IN FACT, IT IS NOT EVEN METAL!
THE EMPEROR MAKES A RUN FOR SAFETY...
MY LAST CHANCE... THE OLD DALEK WORKSHOPS!
BOILING MERCURY CASCADES OVER ZEG...
BUT THE MERCURY DOES NOT AFFECT ZEG...


ZEG IS CLOSE.

COME OUT... THERE IS NO WAY OF ESCAPE!

NOW, MIGHTY EMPEROR, YOU ARE TRAPPED!

YOU CANNOT HARM ME. SURRENDER!
I MUST DEFEAT HIM— OR THE DALEKS ARE FINISHED.


SHADOWS CANNOT HIDE YOU FOR EVER.

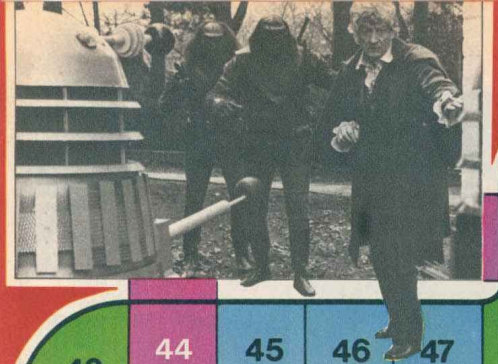
THE EMPEROR MAKES A LAST DESPERATE EFFORT...
ACID AND MERCURY FAILED. WHAT WILL LIQUID AIR DO?

LIQUID AIR, AT 312 DEGREES BELOW FREEZING POINT SPURTS OVER ZEG.

ZEG, IMMUNE TO HEAT, CANNOT RESIST EXTREME COLD.
THE COLD! CUTTING... THROUGH...ME...
MY STRENGTH IS DRAINING AWAY!

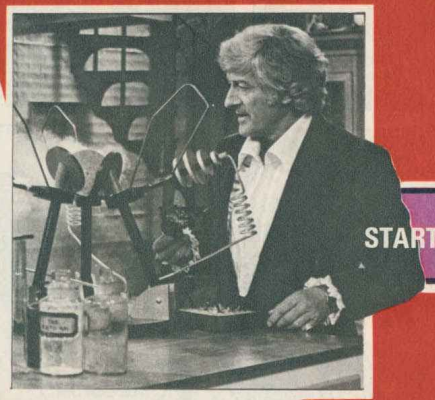
LIQUID AIR WHEN ENCLOSED AND HEATED IS A STRONG EXPLOSIVE. IT FILTERED THROUGH HIS DEFENCE BARRIER AND DESTROYED HIM.

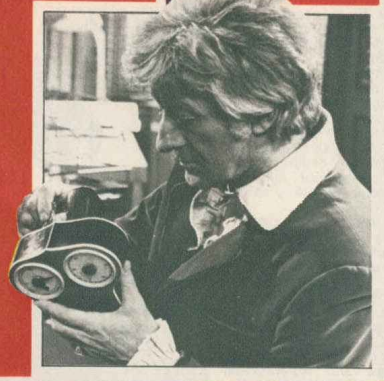
THE EMPEROR RETURNS TO THE DALEK CITY AND HIS WORDS ARE A WARNING TO THE UNIVERSE!
ZEG'S INVENTION HAD BOTH STRENGTH AND WEAKNESS. WE WILL IMPROVE IT. DALEKS! OUR NEXT MOVE IS TO THE STARS... AND CONQUEST!!



# A DR. WHO DICE GAME

A dice game for 2 to 6 players. The first player to land on the square numbered 134 is the winner. All you need is a counter for each player and a dice. You must throw a six before you can start.





START

50 51 52 Go on to 76 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 Go back to 59 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 Go on to 117 88 Go back to 5 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99 100 101 102 103 104 105 106 Go on to 123 108 109 110 111 Go back to 99 113 114 115 116 117 118 119 120 121 122 123 124 125 126 127 128 129 130 131 132 133 134 Go back to 44 44 45 46 47 48 43 42 41 40 39 Go back to 20 37 36 35 34 33 32 31 30 29 28 27 26 25 24 Go on to 24 22 21 20 19 18 17 16 15 14 13 12 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2

# History of Doctor Who

**LONG before the days of colour television, on November 23, 1963, the first episode of Doctor Who flickered on to the small screen. No-one was really sure what the new programme was all about. Many were in doubt as to whether the programme was intended for children's TV and the odd title provided the final mystery.**

Science fiction programmes were, and still are, few and far between on television. So the arrival of a children's science fiction serial came as something of a shock. After years of classics and slow-moving children's TV, the adventure-starved audience took to Doctor Who like an Ice Warrior to the Arctic!

At first, the BBC allowed very little money for the new series. Science fiction, with its special costumes and scenery, can be immensely expensive. This is especially true of a television series, where new situations and, often, monsters are required every week.

This lack of funds, for what was a very new and experimental programme, turned out to be the making of Doctor Who. For the BBC's workshops—experts at the creation of enormously expensive looking objects out of simple materials—became tremendously enthusiastic about the travels of the mysterious Doctor. Using cheap plastics and cloths, they created some of the most original costumes and scenery ever seen on television.

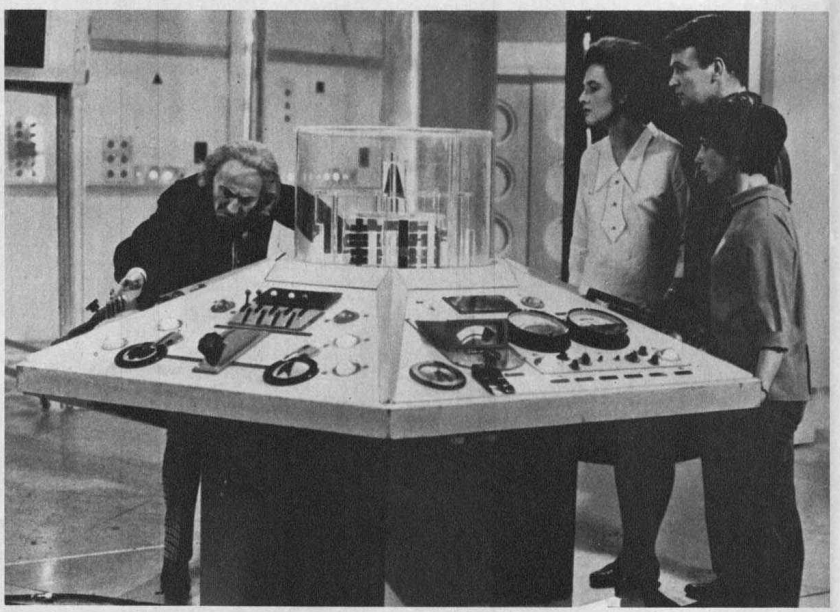
Perhaps the oddest 'prop' (piece of scenery) of the series is the ageing London police box. Now that the police have two-way radios, the police box has almost become a museum piece. It's firmly implanted in the 1960s, where the time-travelling Doctor first appeared on Earth (at least in our time scale). However, the cunning Doctor always manages to disguise the Tardis somehow.

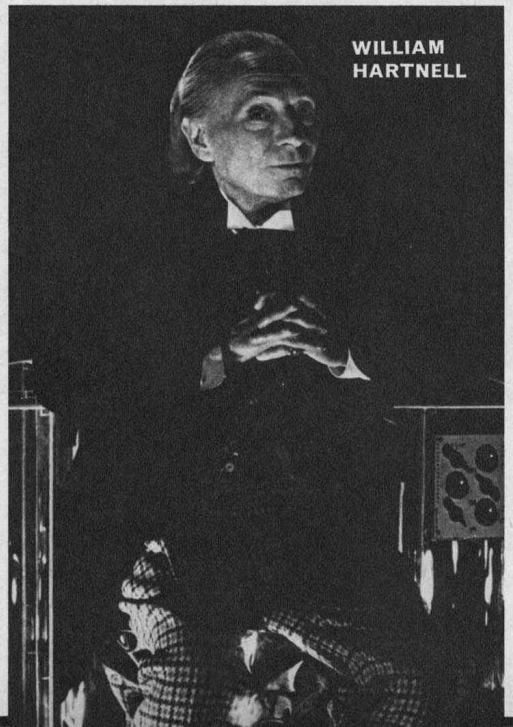
The police box's best disguise, though, was in the early series, when it could, at least, fit into the London street scene. But maybe the fact that policemen were liable to use the box outweighed these advantages!

The second series of Doctor Who, which began on December 28, 1963, introduced a very special product of the BBC's special effects department—the evil menacing aliens, called DALEKS!

The Daleks were an instant success, and more than doubled the viewing figures for Doctor Who. And although the Daleks don't figure in every episode, no-one quite knows exactly when they are going to reappear!

Actors playing the part of Doctor Who have come and gone, but successive generations of Doctor Who fans continue to thrill to the haunting music that announces another journey through time and space.






## THE DOCTOR'S DOPPELGANGERS

**A 'DOPPELGANGER' is a double image or counterpart of a living person. It's as though there were two Doctors roaming through time and space. Which of course there are, for if the Doctor travels faster than light to achieve his time travels, he must, according to Einstein, be able to see himself coming back!**

But, as all Doctor Who fans know, the Doctor possesses some additional secret of time travel, known only to himself and the other Time Lords.

Perhaps that is why those of us who have been keen enough (and old enough) to watch the Doctor from the beginning of his time travels know that he has appeared in *three* different forms—a *Tripleganger*, if you like.

So, in the same way that the Doctor explores the past, present and future in his Tardis, we're going to travel through time to log the progress of TV's most mysterious and magical character.

The best known of the three actors who've played the part of the Doctor is today's Doctor Who, Jon Pertwee.

It may even have been telepathy which brought Jon Pertwee into the role of the Doctor. When the then Doctor, Patrick Troughton, decided to retire from the part, Jon heard about this and mused over the thought of himself as a time traveller. He called his agent, who picked up the phone and got on to the producer of Doctor Who at the BBC. This is where the 'telepathy' came in—for at the other end of the telephone, the BBC producer had exactly the same thing in mind and was about to phone Jon's agent!

So, from being a comedy star in such famous shows as The Navy Lark, in which his famously funny voice kept audiences in fits of laughter, he moved to a more serious scene.

Serious, perhaps, is not the right word. For there's something weird about a slightly eccentric 'Doctor' who wanders around space and time.

Each actor who has played the part has blended his own personality with that of the odd time traveller. In Jon Pertwee's case, a talent for serious acting merged with a sense of fun. His interest in all things mechanical—from aircraft to steam engines—gets a lot of scope in the series.

Far from being a Tardis-bound Doctor, Jon lunges into active scenes with all the skill of an athlete. For in his own world, Jon Pertwee is very keen on water skiing and skindiving—useful skills for getting out of scrapes with Cybermen and Daleks!

Borrowing the Tardis again, lets take a look at ten years back, when the Doctor was played by William Hartnell. Our aged square-eyed TV experts recall that William Hartnell was well-known at the time for his performance as a sergeant major in the Army Game. For someone who had played tough sergeant-major style parts throughout his acting life, it came as something of a surprise to be asked to star in a children's television series. But the stern manner was tempered with fairness and an apparent lack of emotion added to the time traveller's mystery. He was a bit like Mr Spock, of Star Trek fame, in that respect.

The first Doctor Who proved a tough adversary for the Daleks and, despite his military manner, he collected many friends on his time travels.

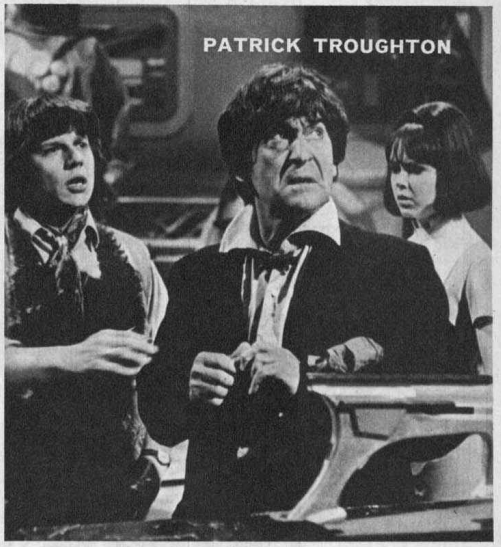
He wasn't as athletic as the later Doctors and his Tardis was his castle, a very jealously guarded sanctum of secrets. William Hartnell played the Doctor more like a mad, grumpy professor than a harmless eccentric, but he is still remembered by many and gets lots of letters from the fans who can't forget the first Doctor Who.

Many of you will remember the Doctor Who before Jon Pertwee—Patrick Troughton. Before he became known as a mysterious time traveller, Patrick Troughton looked more set for Shakespeare than battles with Daleks and the forces of time and space. But perhaps there's something similar between the two? There's certainly plenty of battles in Shakespeare's plays!

Patrick Troughton in fact, played a tremendous variety of parts in films and on television before he came to take up time travelling. He's the sort of actor who could adapt to almost any part.

Patrick's first Doctor Who episode was played very differently to those of his predecessor and successor. He took the advice of BBC's Head of Drama and played the part like a sort of tramp from outer space. However, the tramp was a very wizardly hobo and Patrick Troughton's performance instantly enchanted the viewers.

Like a magician, the new Doctor Who almost conjured up the new situations in which he and his Tardis found themselves. With his weird pointed hat and strange manner, you never quite knew what Patrick Troughton's Doctor would do next.



**"YEAAAAAH . . . Baybeee! Uuuuuuhhh . . . . Baybeeee! Yeaaaah . . . . ."**

The music built up to a mind-busting climax, a whirlwind of amplified guitar and bass, pounding organ chords, a high-pitched wail from the lead singer's tormented vocal chords. And as it rose to a crescendo, the audience rose with it, up in their seats, on to their seats, dancing on their seats, dancing in the aisles, dancing alone and dancing with each other. The whole arena was a vast mixing bowl of noise and movement.

And then it stopped. Suddenly. Wiped out by the turn of a switch.

"Really Brigadier: it was just beginning to interest me!" Doctor Who looked up in mock disappointment into the flushed face of Brigadier Lethbridge-Stewart, who stood with his hand still on the 'OFF' switch of the television set. "Of course, I'd hardly expect a military man like yourself to be a music-lover, but . . . ."

"Music!" Lethbridge-Stewart's voice was heavy with scorn. "Music—a lot of unwashed, long-haired layabouts caterwauling! My goodness, Doctor, I'd like to have that shower under my command for a week or two. Soon knock some of the nonsense out of 'em . . ."

"I can't help feeling you're a little behind the times, Brigadier. This . . . er . . . 'pop' music is a very big thing to the youngsters. Surely, when you were a teenager, there must have been some popular songs that appealed to you . . . set your feet tapping . . .?"

"Granted, Doctor—there were. But we had real singers in those days! Vera Lynn . . . Frank Sinatra . . . Bing Crosby . . ." And in an unsteady, decidedly off-key tenor, the Brigadier began to chant mournfully: "Eye . .eye . .m dreemin' of a Whiiiite Christmas . . .". And then stopped, as suddenly as the switched off television set, seeing the poorly-concealed look of pain on the Doctor's face.

"Er . . . ahem . . . beg your pardon, Doctor! Got rather . . . er . . . carried away, y'know?"

"It *was* a little painful, Brigadier—but as a matter of fact you've made my point for me. Popular music, whether it's the crooners of your youth or the beat groups of today, takes a powerful hold on all sorts of people. That group we saw on the television screen, their music was reaching out to the audience, it was saying 'Listen! Don't just sit there! You're young, you're alive—get up and show it! On your feet . . . move . . . dance!'

"And the audience obeyed, as we saw. When you think about it, Brigadier, it's rather frightening! The power of music, I mean. It's a scientific fact that certain combinations of notes, certain harmonies, can be acutely painful—can cause near-madness. Just think of the use to which a skilled scientist could put that knowledge! It's probably just as well that no one has followed that line of research through to a conclusion . . .!"

IT had been a real bad night. Dragsville—all the way. A ramshackle village hall at the back-end of nowhere, and that only a quarter filled by a few bored kids who hadn't the money to look for their entertainment in the nearest town. And on top of that, the amplifiers had broken down again; the wiring needed a complete overhaul—but where was the money coming from? The money from tonight's session wouldn't even cover travelling expenses . . .

"I reckon we might as well pack it in!" Nick Swift, lead-guitarist and singer of 'The Swifts', thumped his fist on the dashboard of the ancient van that was the group's transport. As if in agreement, the wheezing engine coughed angrily, fired off a battery of back-fires—and then stopped. Nick looked round at Speedy and Jock, huddled among the instrument cases in the body of the van. "And I reckon that wraps it up! This is what the pop scene has got us: stuck on a country road in the back of beyond, at midnight, in the rain! When we get back to civilization—*if* we get back!—we're gonna flog the van and the instruments and look for jobs. But first . . ." And, grumbling in chorus, the three musicians piled out on to the roadside to hold a post-mortem on the rusty wreck of an engine under the bonnet of the van.

The Rolls Royce purred up so quietly beside them that the first they knew of its arrival was the silky voice that brought them out, oil-stained and hopeless, from under the bonnet.

"Can I be of any assistance, gentlemen?"

Nick took in the huge, gleaming black car, and the face of its driver, only half-seen in the dim interior.

"Nice of you to stop, mate—but unless you're carrying a spare engine . . .!"

"So you are stranded by a mechanical failure." The voice from the dimly-seen figure was mellow as old brandy, persuasive as a warm fire on a cold night. "But I have plenty of room. I can take you wherever you wish to go, and you can make arrangements to have your vehicle picked up later. But bring your instruments along—there is room for them too."

It was not until the Rolls was sweeping silently through the night, with the Swifts comfortably settled in the deep leather seats and their guitars and drum-kit neatly stowed in the boot, that Nick thought suddenly: 'Now how in the name of goodness did he know we were musicians? There's no name on the van, its doors were shut—he couldn't have seen the instruments. So just how did he know?' But even as he thought, his mind seemed to be clouding over. He was tired . . . sleepy . . .

* * *

The Rolls swung into a gravelled driveway and pulled up in front of a large, gaunt house, which stood black against the sky. The driver got out, opened the front door of the house, and flicked switches that brought the house to light if not to life. Then he turned back to the car.

The three Swifts lay sprawled across the upholstery, unstirring. With a small sigh, the driver of the Rolls bent to the nearest body, pulled it towards him, heaved it over his shoulder, and set off for the house. The body was limp, a dead weight.

Before he went back to bring the second unconscious musician from the Rolls, the Master mopped his brow with a large silk handkerchief. Such a pity that they couldn't walk in by themselves! But then, they might not be prepared to cooperate . . . even in a scheme that was going to put them at Number One on the last Top Twenty chart of all time!

* * *

"AN' now, all you pop-types, I'm gonna give you somethin' just a little bit special! This ain't no ordinary old disc I'm gonna spin! This is . . . this is . . ."

Behind the soundproof glass screen of the control room, the producer was gesturing to Billy 'The Kid' Kiddsley to snap it up. Kiddsley swallowed. His mouth was dry. What had he been going to say?

'Something's wrong with me!', he thought. '*I never* dry up on the air. I'm the hit-a-minute kid. Out there, ten million teenagers are sitting round their transistors waiting for the word. Only—what word? I don't . . . know . . . I don't . . .'

And even while Kiddsley's thoughts jumbled around in his confused brain, his fingers were discarding the record he had been about to drop on to one of his bank of turntables. Beyond his control, they were digging into his brief-case, bringing out the un-labelled plastic disc the man with the beard and the deep . . . deep . . . deep eyes had put into his hands that morning. The man who had stopped him on the way to the studio, had looked at him . . .

looked deep into his eyes . . . eyes . . . eyes . . .

Something in Kiddsley's brain clicked into gear. The words he had been told to say came tumbling out—as his fingers dropped the unlabelled disc on to the turntable, swung the pick-up arm over . . .

"Yes, friends, this one is special. A new group—one you've never heard of. But this music will speak to you. It will reach out and take hold of you. It will tell you what to do. Remember—it will tell you what to do!"

And as the diamond-stylus grooved into the track, the audience of Britain's most popular disc-jockey heard, for the first and only time, the group that had once been 'The Swifts'. But now they had one new member. And a new name. They were 'The Four Horsemen'.

* * *

They came from Land's End and from John o' Groats. They came from Bristol and from Hull. From Liverpool and Dover. From the big cities. From the smallest villages.

They had several things in common. They were almost all young: some very young, some in their late teens. They all carried, in their hands or slung from their shoulders, transistor radios. The radios were all switched on. The radios were all playing the same tune. It had no title. It had no words. But from close on ten million transistor sets it flooded the country. It was the biggest smash-hit of all time. It was the sound of 'The Four Horsemen'.

What does a country do when about ten million of its citizens decide to converge on a single spot? What can a police force of a few thousand do against ten million? What can an army do? Shoot them down? But they have committed no crime! They have, in some cases, taken over trains, buses, even aircraft. But they have done it without bloodshed, by sheer weight of numbers. When ten million people decide to do the same thing at the same time, to go to the same place, all together, all at once—then there is nothing short of nuclear weapons that can stop them.

So what does a country do . . . what does Britain do . . . when ten million teenagers, with ten million radios playing the same tune over and over again, decide to march, ride or fly to Stonehenge? Answer: it does nothing. There is nothing it can do.

* * *

IT was Brigadier Lethbridge-Stewart who gave the order that shut down every power-station in England. After it had become obvious that everyone in Britain's major broadcasting studio had gone completely mad—from the disc-jockey who kept playing the same record, to the studio staff who had turned the building into a fortress to prevent anyone stopping him—the only thing to do was to shut off the power. To that studio—and to any other where the madness might possibly break out again. The Brigadier gave the order. But the Doctor suggested it.

* * *

"It hasn't worked, Doctor! They're still on the move!" Lethbridge-Stewart had to shout to make himself heard above the roar of the helicopter's engine. He glanced over from the controls to where the Doctor sat, gazing down on the scene below.

And what a scene! Salisbury Plain is one of Britain's biggest open spaces. From the air, it is a huge, desolate expanse of grass, scrub and heathland, cut by the narrow ribbons of highroad that run across it. But now, seen from above, it was a monster kaleidoscope of shifting colours. A swirling mass with, at its centre, the grey ring of stones that has brooded on the Plain since the dawn of history. Stonehenge.

"I'd say there are at least three million people down there!" The Doctor's voice was pitched just high enough to carry across the clatter of the helicopter's rotors. "By shutting off all power, stopping broadcasting, we may have prevented more coming. They must be spreading along every road in the country, dazed . . . waiting to be told what to do next. But these are the ones we must worry about immediately. Tell me, Brigadier, if you knew that those three million, down there, were going to be ordered to destroy this country and everything in it—what would you do?"

Lethbridge-Stewart sent the helicopter swooping low over the serried ranks below. Not a single head was raised to glance up at it. "Doctor, they . . . they're just ordinary youngsters. And the only way to stop them . . . would be . . . an atomic bomb! No man in the world could give that order!"

"In that case, Brigadier, you must be ready to follow my orders implicitly. I believe I know what has caused this madness. I hope

that I can stop it. If I cannot: that order to destroy will be given . . . and it will be obeyed. Now, we must land. At Stonehenge!"

"In . . . in the middle of them! Two of us . . . with three million . . . zombies! . . . closing in! You're as mad as they are, Doctor! What can you hope to do . . . ?"

"Either do as I say, Brigadier—or prepare for the destruction of Britain, or the nuclear annihilation of three million innocent youngsters. Now—will you land?"

The helicopter hovered briefly a few feet above the silent, steadily-moving, unseeing, unhearing throng beneath. Then it swung away, heading for the grey circle of stones on the horizon.

* * *

TWO miles above the earth, the commander of a delta-winged Valiant bomber glanced at his watch. Closed up at either wingtip of his plane were two more Valiants. Each one carried a 'tactical' nuclear bomb, enough to wipe out all life over an area as wide, say, as Salisbury Plain.

The pilot thought: 'According to the last orders before all radio contact stopped, I am to lead the flight in a pattern over this area for thirty minutes. We are then to dive to bombing level, above Salisbury Plain. If three red signal rockets are not fired from Stonehenge immediately, we are to make a bombing run. These orders come directly from the Prime Minister and the Chiefs-of-Staff. They must be obeyed. But after those bombs go down . . . how can any of us bear to go on living? And there are only ten minutes left. . .

* * *

The Master had expected the power to be cut off. But, as he had planned, as he had guessed, it had been done too late. As he looked from his vantage point, standing atop the great granite altar stone of Stonehenge, he could see the millions spread out across the Plain. These were near enough to pick up the vibrations. These would obey. And these were enough.

The vibrations. 'Vibes': that magical aura that a good group can put out, almost as something separate from its music. Good 'vibes' can make you happy, make you dance. What can bad 'vibes' do? They can turn you into a marching, mindless moron. They can tell you to destroy.

In the Master's mind lay centuries of evil knowledge. And every atom of that knowledge, that evil, had been packed into the music that now pounded out from the strangest musicians of all time: the personnel of 'The Four Horsemen'. Lead-guitar: someone who had once been called Nick Swift—but his mind was now the Master's. Second-guitar: that had once been Speedy. The robot that hammered the drums had once been Jock. The fourth musician, now jumping from the altar-stone, swooping like a black crow across the turf to make a delicate adjustment to the massive electronic synthesiser he had designed so carefully, was the Master. The name, 'The Four Horsemen': the Master's own grim joke. The four dreadful horsemen of legend—the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse—plague, famine, war and death.

* * *

The immense volume of sound pouring from the synthesiser drowned out even the roar of the helicopter's engine. The Master turned from his controls just in time to see it settle in the centre of the ring of stones, only a dozen yards away. He saw the hatch open, saw the trimly-uniformed figure of Brigadier Lethbridge-Stewart jump out. And then, stepping down on to the turf in the heart of the ancient temple, the Master's arch-enemy — Doctor Who.

But the Master only smiled. He turned again to the synthesiser, the electronic marvel that turned simple notes and chords into an insistent, undeniable command. A command that no normal human being could deny. The Master made another small adjustment.

As Lethbridge-Stewart whirled and leapt towards him, the Doctor knew that he was only seconds away from death at the hands of the man who had been his only ally. The Brigadier's eyes were bulging, the veins on either side of his throat stood out. There was blood-lust in his eyes. The Doctor caught the outstretched, clawing hands only a split-second before they closed on his throat.

As the two men crashed to the ground, locked in a life-or-death struggle, the Master smiled. And all around the ancient stone circle, spreading for miles across the plain, his three million puppets pressed inward. It was time to give them their final orders. It was time for 'The Four Horsemen' to play their last and most deadly tune.

Plucked on the guitars, hammered by the drums, shaped by the synthethiser, the message went out. "The time is here . . . you will obey . . . destroy . . . destroy . . . destroy . . . DESTROY ! ! !"

Two miles above earth, a flight of delta-winged bombers began their swift descent.

On the short turf between the standing stones, a man swung his arm in a short, chopping blow. His opponent took the blow on the neck, jerked, then lay still. The winner staggered to his feet.

The Master turned from his masterpiece of electronic evil to find the battered, swaying figure of Brigadier Lethbridge-Stewart looming over him. Doctor Who, powerless to prevent what was to happen, lay unconscious at the foot of the altar-stone. The marching millions still pressed inward. The final message was beginning to take hold. In a few more moments, they would be dispersing to begin the destruction which would leave the Master all-powerful in a shattered country, Or, in response to their final orders, the bombers would have wiped out Master, Doctor, Brigadier—and three million innocent people, whose only crime was to have switched on a 'pop' programme.

DOCTOR Who's body was not that of a normal man. Otherwise he could never have recovered so swiftly from the Brigadier's murderous blow. For one moment, his eyes registered the scene that returning consciousness revealed. Then, he was up—and running for the helicopter.

As the three red rockets burst in a flower of flame below, the pilot of the bomber let out with a rush the breath he had been, unconsciously, holding as his fingers reached for the bomb-release button.

* * *

Brigadier Lethbridge - Stewart came out of a red mist, a dream of horror, to find himself standing amid a tangle of wires, valves, shattered circuitry and metal plates. A few yards away, two young men clutching guitars sprawled on the turf. They were just beginning to stir. A third lad, collapsed over a drum kit, opened dazed eyes to stare at him. And then, across the Plain as far as the eye could see, a huge army of youngsters looked around and at each other with a single question: 'What in the name of wonder are we doing here?'

"You destroyed it!" The Doctor grabbed at the Brigadier's arm, half-supporting the bewildered man. "The Master gave you the full vibrations—and you tried to kill me. In fact, you very nearly did! But when you thought you had finished me, you looked for the next thing to destroy: and that was the Master and his machine! A general order to destroy is such a clumsy thing . . . it recoiled on the man who gave it. You tore his marvellous machine apart with your bare hands. A pity you did such a good job: I'd like to have examined it. I wonder what power source he used . . . ?"

"And . . . and the Master himself?" The Brigadier's usually firm, crisp voice was hoarse and strained. "Did I . . . ?"

". . . destroy him? I fear not! I imagine that as soon as he realised his mistake, as soon as you attacked, he made himself scarce. Not difficult for him to lose himself in a crowd of three million! Especially since all of them must feel as if they've awoken from a nightmare. You'd better get the helicopter aloft: we'll need to rig up a public-address system . . . organise transport . . ."

"Excuse me, Mister!" The plaintive voice was that of a very puzzled, shaken Nick Swift. "But if you know what's been goin' on, I wish you'd tell me and my mates. The last thing we remember, we were stranded on this country road, and we'd just decided to give up the pop scene . . ."

"Give it up, my dear boy? Yes . . . yes . . . perhaps you should!"

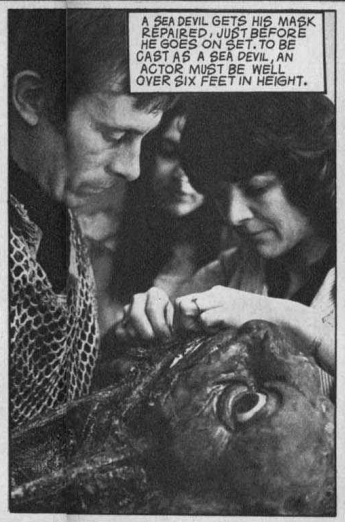
Although, as the Doctor said to the Brigadier days later, when the last of the Master's one-time puppets had found their baffled way home: "It seems a bit hard on the Swifts—never to know that they played what could have been the greatest smash-hit of all time!"

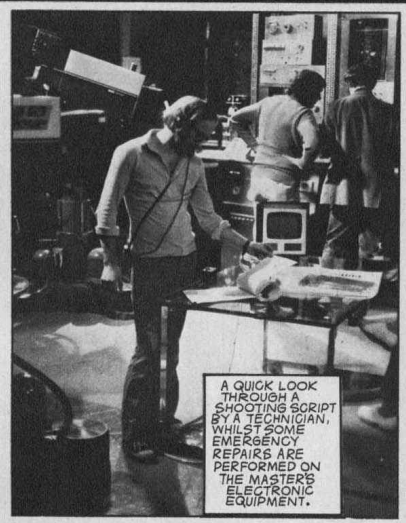
# THE TV WORLD of Dr. WHO

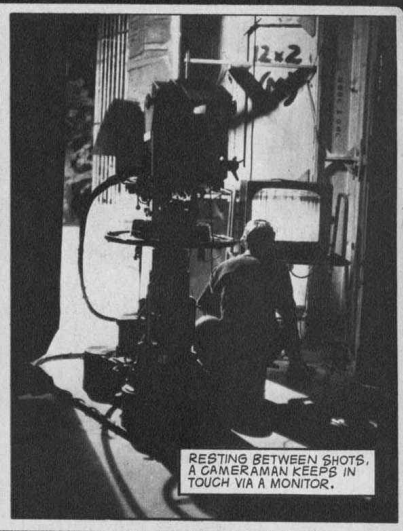
JON PERTWEE'S TOUSLED LOCKS GET SOME PROFESSIONAL ATTENTION.

WITH THE INTRODUCTION OF COLOUR T.V., MAKE-UP HAS TO BE EXTREMELY ACCURATE. THE WRONG SKIN COLOUR COULD BE DISASTROUS.

ITS LAUGHTER FOR A HALF-DRESSED ALIEN, WHO WILL LATER CONVINCE MILLIONS OF VIEWERS THAT HE IS FROM ANOTHER WORLD.

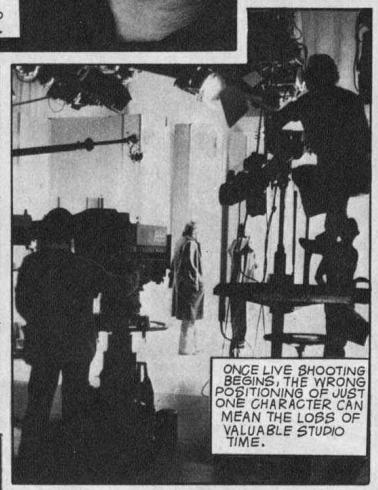

A SEA DEVIL GETS HIS MASK REPAIRED, JUST BEFORE HE GOES ON SET. TO BE CAST AS A SEA DEVIL, AN ACTOR MUST BE WELL OVER SIX FEET IN HEIGHT.

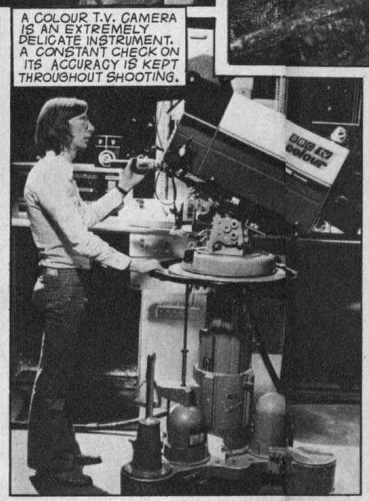

A QUICK LOOK THROUGH A SHOOTING SCRIPT BY A TECHNICIAN, WHILST SOME EMERGENCY REPAIRS ARE PERFORMED ON THE MASTERS ELECTRONIC EQUIPMENT.



RESTING BETWEEN SHOTS, A CAMERAMAN KEEPS IN TOUCH VIA A MONITOR.

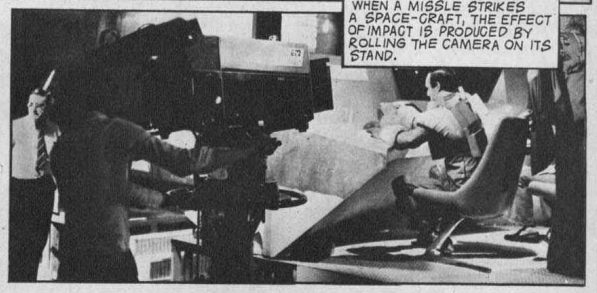
REHEARSALS ARE LONG, AND EACH CAMERA ANGLE HAS TO BE CAREFULLY PLANNED. AN ACTOR MUST LEARN HIS OR HER EXACT POSITION ON THE FLOOR.


ONCE LIVE SHOOTING BEGINS, THE WRONG POSITIONING OF JUST ONE CHARACTER CAN MEAN THE LOSS OF VALUABLE STUDIO TIME.


A COLOUR T.V. CAMERA IS AN EXTREMELY DELICATE INSTRUMENT. A CONSTANT CHECK ON ITS ACCURACY IS KEPT THROUGHOUT SHOOTING.

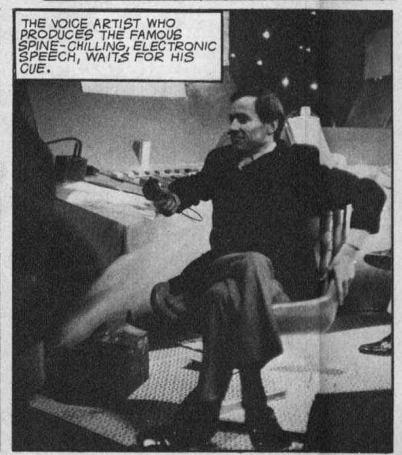
NO DR WHO PROGRAMME IS COMPLETE WITHOUT AN ARRAY OF FUTURISTIC ELECTRONIC EQUIPMENT. IMPRESSIVE RELAYS OF FLASHING LIGHTS ARE POWERED BY ORDINARY CAR BATTERIES.

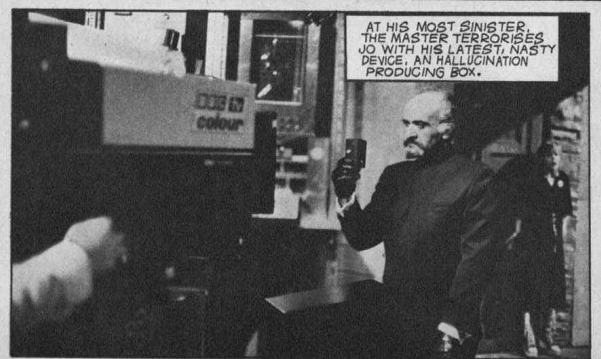
THE PRODUCTION ASSISTANT'S LAST MINUTE CHECK GIVES THE ACTORS TIME TO REVISE THEIR LINES.

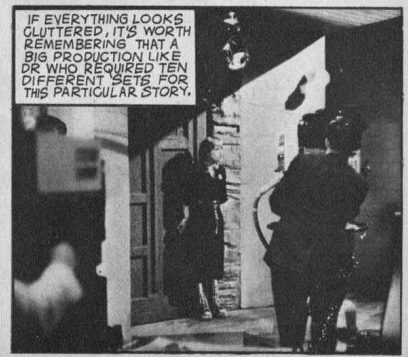

WHEN A MISSLE STRIKES A SPACE-CRAFT, THE EFFECT OF IMPACT IS PRODUCED BY ROLLING THE CAMERA ON ITS STAND.

IT ALMOST LOOKS AS IF THE DALEKS HAVE TAKEN OVER THE STUDIO, AS THE DIRECTOR IS PUSHED ASIDE.

IF YOU NEED TO BE BIG TO BE A SEA DEVIL, THEN THE OPPOSITE IS TRUE OF A DALEK OPERATOR.


THE VOICE ARTIST WHO PRODUCES THE FAMOUS SPINE-CHILLING, ELECTRONIC SPEECH, WAITS FOR HIS CUE.


AT HIS MOST SINISTER, THE MASTER TERRORISES JO WITH HIS LATEST, NASTY DEVICE, AN HALLUCINATION PRODUCING BOX.


IF EVERYTHING LOOKS CLUTTERED, IT'S WORTH REMEMBERING THAT A BIG PRODUCTION LIKE DR WHO REQUIRED TEN DIFFERENT SETS FOR THIS PARTICULAR STORY.

# DOCTOR WHO

# Quiz

**1 Name the three actors who have played the part of the Doctor, in order of their appearance.**

A .....

B .....

C .....

**2 What is the purpose of the 'Tardis'? Is it:**

A Time Travel

B Space Travel

C Time and Space Travel

**3 What do the letters 'TARDIS' stand for? Is it:**

A Time Roving Deactivator for Investigating Space

B Time and Relative Dimensions in Space

C Traveller of Distant Inaccessible Solar Systems

**4 The Doctor was once a member of a race which holds the secret of time and space travel. The members of it are called—**

T..M../..O..DS

**5 Another outcast from this group is a sworn enemy of the Doctor. He is called—**

T..E / M....T..R

**6 UNIT is an organisation composed of a special international army of soldiers and scientists whose task is to investigate alien interest in Earth. What do the letters, 'UNIT' stand for?**

A United Nations Intelligence Taskforce

B United Nations Interspace Troubleseekers

C Union of Nations to Intercept Terror

**7 Who is the head of UNIT? Is it—**

A Major Lethbridge Mainwaring

B Brigadier Alastair Lethbridge Stewart

C Lieutenant Commander Michael Garvey

**8 A girl member of UNIT is a regular companion of the Doctor. What is her name?**

.....

**9 Name one other member of UNIT.**

.....

**10 Name the monsters. Put a name to these three creatures which have appeared in Doctor Who.**

A.....

B.....

C.....

**11 The Daleks were humanoid creatures who had to leave their planet because of a neutron war. The radiation made their bodies useless and they changed into mechanical robots. What is the name for such a change?**

..U..AT..O..

**12 What is the name of the Dalek planet? Is it—**

A Telos B Skaro C Mars

**13 What is this a description of?**
**"A hideous machine-like creature, it is legless, moving on a round base. The creature has no human features—a lens on a flexible shaft acts as an eye. Its arms are mechanical, with vicelike grips for 'hands'."**

.....

**14 Which planet did the evil Cybermen come from?**

.....

**15 The Cybermen's bodies were replaced with a disease-free and invulnerable substance. What was it? (Clue: its use is widespread on Earth).**

P..A..T..C

## ANSWERS

1 A, William Hartnell; B, Patrick Troughton; C, Jon Pertwee
*(1 point for each)*

2 C, Time and Space Travel
*(2 points)*

3 B, Time and Relative Dimensions in Space *(2 points)*

4 TIME LORDS *(2 points)*

5 THE MASTER *(2 points)*

6 A, United Nations Intelligence Taskforce *(2 points)*

7 B, Brigadier Alastair Lethbridge Stewart *(2 points)*

8 Jo Grant *(2 points)*

9 Captain Michael Yates, Sergeant Benton *(3 points for either)* Or Brigadier Lethbridge Stewart *(2 points)*

10 A ICE WARRIOR
B OGRON
C CYBERMAN
*(2 points for each)*

11 MUTATION *(2 points)*

12 B, Skaro *(2 points)*

13 A Dalek *(2 points)*

14 Telos *(2 points)*

15 PLASTIC *(2 points)*

## Check your score

38 points—Excellent, the Time Lords will want to see you!

23—37 points—Good, you are placed on the Doctor's special list of potential time travellers.

15—22 points—The Doctor thinks you'll have to wait until time travelling is for everyone.

0—15 points—Poor, you'll have to content yourself with watching Doctor Who!

# Doctor Who Crossword

## clues across

1. United Nations Intelligence Taskforce.
4. Monsters from the deep and the Master's allies —— ——.
7. What normal plants need to grow in.
8. During journeys through Time and Space this is constantly changing.
9. In Morse Code, letters and numbers are indicated by a dot or ——.
11. A female VOORD?
14. Of moons, waxing and ——.
16. Name of the Doctor's car.
17. Surname of the first Dr Who.
19. Allies of the Daleks in a recent invasion.
22. Brigadier Lethbridge ——.
23. A grotesque plantlike being which once invaded Earth?
25. Surname of the second Dr Who.
26. across and 6. down
The superior beings that exiled the Doctor to Earth —— ——.

## clues down

2. Prefix, meaning new or modern.
3. The city of the Cybermen.
4. The sun is such a body.
5. Jon Pertwee is —— ——.
6. See 26. across.
9. You might find the Doctor experimenting in ——/——oratory.
10. ——/ Light Amplification by Stimulated Emission of Radiation. (Abbreviated).
12. The Doctor knows the —x—, of life, he will live for ever.
13. The Doctor often has to ——/—— from alien forces.
15. What you would expect the TARDIS'S time clock to do during travels into the future?
18. Inside every DALEK there is an ——.
20. JO /——, the Doctor's companion.
21. Dr Who was there first, of course, though most people think it was NEIL ARMSTRONG.
24. A unit of electrical resistance.

## answers

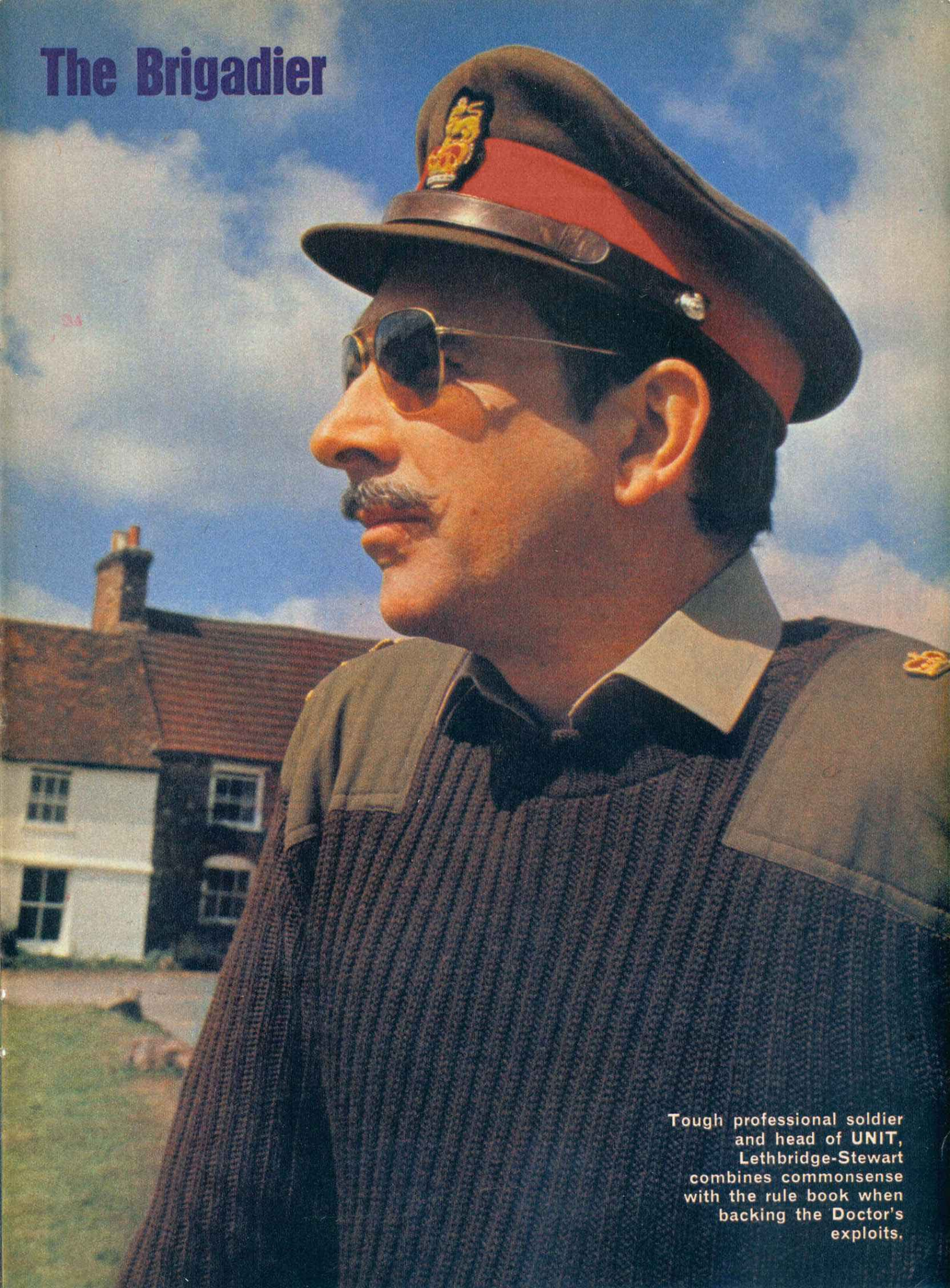
Across: 1. UNIT, 4. SEA DEVILS, 7. SOIL, 8. SCENERY, 9. A DASH 11. VOORDESS, 14. WANING, 16. BESSIE, 17. HARTNELL, 19. OGRON, 22. STEWART, 23. AXON, 25. TROUGHTON, 26. TIME.

Down: 2. NEO, 3. TELOS, 4. STAR, 5. DOCTOR WHO, 6. LORDS, 9. A LAB, 10. A LASER, 12. ELIXIR, 13. FREE EARTH, 15. GAIN, 18. ACTOR, 20. GRANT, 21. MOON, 24. OHM.

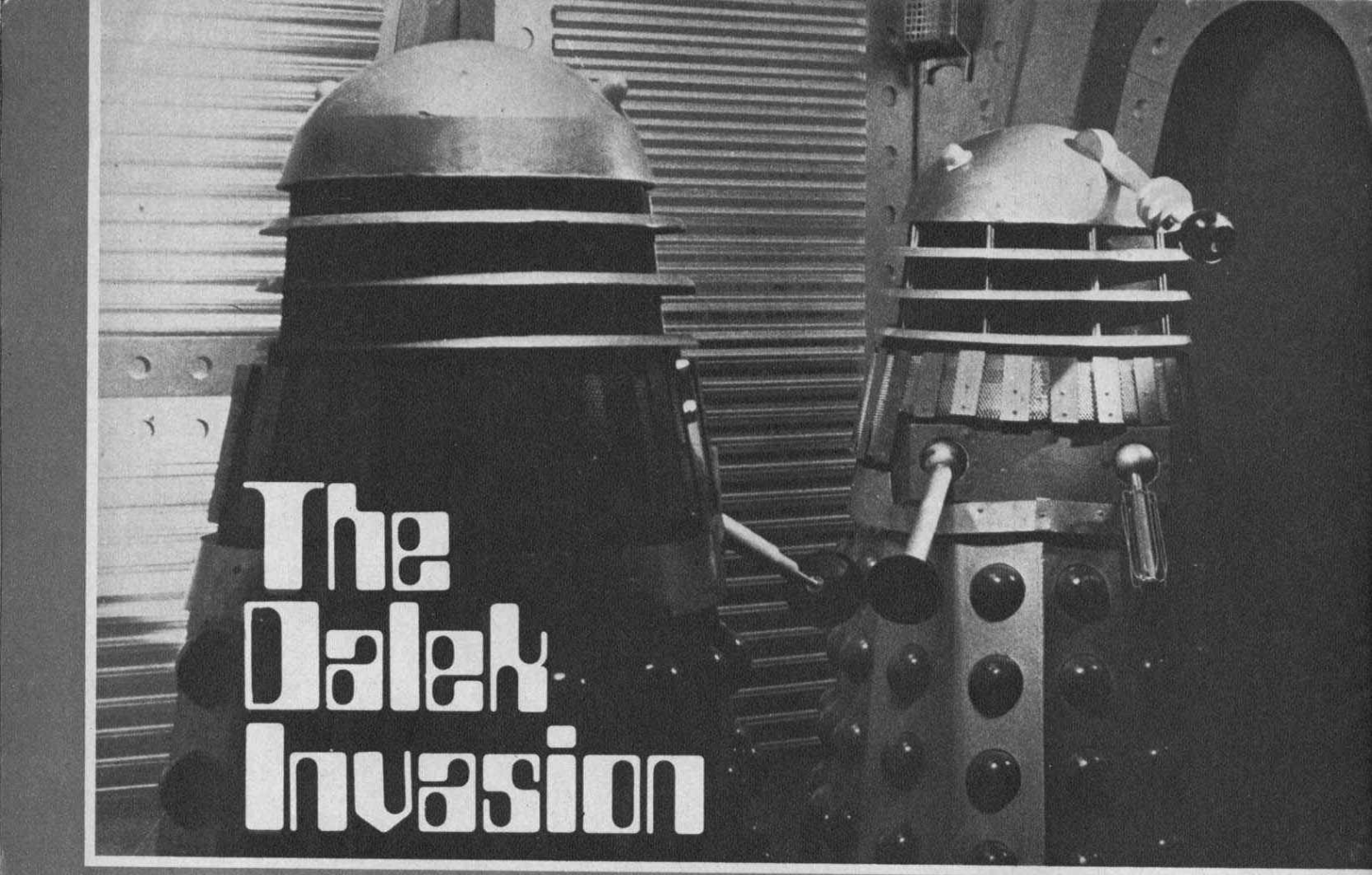
# Jo Grant

The Doctor's faithful assistant has seen what no other human has seen, in her dangerous adventures with the Time-traveller.

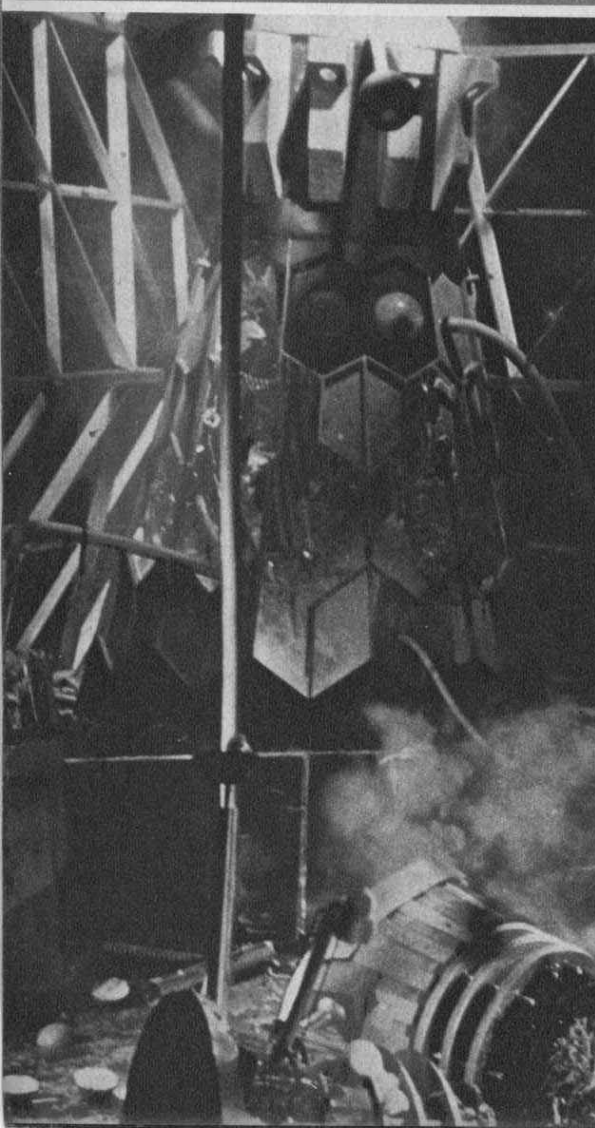
# The Brigadier



Tough professional soldier and head of **UNIT**, Lethbridge-Stewart combines commonsense with the rule book when backing the Doctor's exploits.



# The Dalek Invasion



IT'S still a puzzle to all, why these oversized manoeuvrable pepper-pots have become so popular. But they did. The moment scriptwriter Terry Nation's nightmare monsters hit the screen with their electric war-cry of 'Exterminate!'. On Saturday December 28, 1963, a Dalek invasion had taken place. After one performance, it is doubtful whether there was a single person in the entire U.K., who hadn't heard of these terrible creatures.

Former top comedy writer Terry Nation, began it all like this: HIDEOUS MACHINE LIKE CREATURES. THEY ARE LEGLESS, MOVING ON A ROUND BASE. THEY HAVE NO HUMAN FEATURES. A LENS ON A FLEXIBLE SHAFT ACTS AS AN EYE. ARMS WITH MECHANICAL GRIPS AS HANDS. Lost for a name, Terry Nation spotted the alphabetical reference on the spine of one of his encyclopedias: DAL to LEK. BBC designers Raymond Cusick, Jack Kine and Bernard Wilkie collaborated to come up with the now familiar shape. Big enough for a small actor to sit inside and operate.

Within a year, the Daleks were everywhere. There were Dalek toys, Dalek games, Dalek sweets, fireworks, slippers, wallpaper—even Dalek soap.

As the series progressed year by year, the Doctor faced Cybermen, Voords, Moroks, Drahvins, Ice Warriors and many others, but none equalled the popularity of the Daleks. Even today, Dalek magic still works and viewing figures rise when they are the Doctor's current enemy.

For a thought that should terrify us more than a vampire, or a ghost, the Dalek's popularity remains a mystery. When one remembers their supposed origin, as victims of a dreadful neutron war, which destroyed their bodies and left them only as living brains, it seems hard to imagine why anyone would like to be reminded of such a nightmare, by keeping a bar of Dalek soap in the bath.

But then again, perhaps we all like things that scare us a little bit, otherwise, horror films and ghost stories wouldn't be so popular. Still, if one day a voice at the door instructs you to 'OBEY THE DALEKS' I'd get out of the back window pretty quickly if I were you.

# SPIGGY SPACE BUG & SPOG (HIS FAITHFUL FRIEND.)

I'LL CHECK THE OLD COMPUTER FOR A READING!
YOU ARE NEARING PLANET EARTH, OBSERVE LIFE FORM AND REPORT.
THERE SHE IS!
I HOPE THE NATIVES ARE FRIENDLY, SPIGGY!
THE COMPUTER WILL TELL US.
ASTRO COMPUTER
MAKE CONTACT WITH THE DOMINANT LIFE FORM... ZUZZ... ZUZZ...
NOT THAT SORT OF CONTACT, YOU DUM-DUM - YOU'LL START A SPACE WAR!
LOOK, SPIGGY - THERE'S A HOLE IN THEIR SKY!
PERHAPS WE'D BETTER WARN THEM!
I'LL MAKE CONTACT.
L-L-LOOK! AN EARTHLING!
GREETINGS, EARTHLING. TAKE ME TO YOUR LEADER.
WHOOOO? WHOOOO?
YOUR LEADER! IDIOT!
THAT WAS SURE SOME STUPID EARTHLING!
THERE'S ANOTHER SPECIMEN. LET'S ASK HIM!
HALLO, THERE, EARTHMAN. TAKE ME TO YOUR LEADER!
YEEOOWILL!
THESE EARTH PEOPLE SURE ARE FREAKY!
PERHAPS THIS COMPUTER IS THEIR RULER. LET'S ASK!
GREETINGS, EARTHMAN - ARE YOU THE LEADER?
PERHAPS IT'S ASLEEP, I'LL WAKE IT UP!
YEEEEK!
WHY DID YOU TERMINATE EARTH CONTACT?
ASTRO COMPUTER
THEIR COMPUTER ATTACKED US!
YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN THE SIZE OF IT'S BLACK AND WHITE TEETH!

# SECRET OF THE TOWER

LATE ONE NIGHT— WHEN LONDON'S UNDERGROUND RAILWAY IS ALMOST DESERTED.
A TRAIN MAKES ITS NEXT SCHEDULED STOP...
SPREAD OUT ALONG THE PLATFORM — I WANT EVERY CARRIAGE COVERED!
HINGRAD IS THE GREATEST THIEF IN THE UNIVERSE, BRIGADIER. HE'S ALSO A MASTER OF DISGUISE.
HE WAS A CITY BUSINESSMAN WHEN CAPTAIN YATES LOST HIM AT CHARING CROSS.
HE'S BOUND TO HAVE CHANGED HIS APPEARANCE BY NOW— IF HE'S STILL ON THE UNDERGROUND SYSTEM AT ALL!
JUST A MOMENT, SIR! WE'D LIKE A WORD WITH YOU...
STRIKE A LIGHT! CAN'T A MAN GO 'OME TO SLEEP IN PEACE...?

OPEN YOUR CASE, PLEASE, SIR.
HE'S THE ONLY ONE, DOCTOR—AND HE DOESN'T SEEM TO FIT THE BILL!
SORRY TO TROUBLE YOU, MY FRIEND. JUST SHOW US WHAT'S IN YOUR CASE AND...
MONUMENT
WELL, GUV'NER—ALL I GOT IN 'ERE IS...
WHAT THE...?
DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY! GET AFTER HIM!
WAY OUT
CATCH ME IF YOU CAN, MY FRIENDS! BUT NOT THIS TIME... NOT SO CLOSE TO HOME!
THERE HE GOES! HE CAN'T GET FAR!
I HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT!
THIS WILL DO... MUSTN'T WASTE TIME.

NOT FAR AWAY...
HE MUST BE SOMEWHERE CLOSE. SPREAD OUT.
THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG HERE! SOMETHING THAT SHOULD BE THERE... AND ISN'T!
HMMM! ON THIS SIDE — A RECESS IN THE TILED WALL. BUT WHAT'S ON THE OTHER SIDE...
ANY LUCK, DOCTOR? WHAT ON EARTH ARE YOU DOING...?
STAND BY, BRIGADIER. I AM JUST ABOUT TO PERFORM AN EXPERIMENT.
GOOD HEAVENS! WHAT ON...?
YOU CAN'T ALWAYS BELIEVE THE HUMAN EYE, BRIGADIER.
SO THERE YOU ARE.
GOOD EVENING, DOCTOR. I SUPPOSE I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN MY CAMOUFLAGE WOULD NOT FOOL YOU!
I'LL TAKE THE BOX OF SURPRISES!
I SAY, DOCTOR! THIS THING HAS A FALSE BOTTOM!
ALAS! NO SURPRISES, BRIGADIER. I'M CONCEALING NOTHING, DOCTOR.
STOP! DON'T TOUCH...

SCREEE!
AS THE BRIGADIER TRIPS A HIDDEN SWITCH—A NERVE-SHATTERING SOUND RIPS THE AIR APART!
I'VE FOUND... OHHHHHH!
HIGH-FREQUENCY SIREN HAS NO EFFECT ON ITS ORIGINATOR...
IT'S ONE THING TO CATCH ME—ANOTHER TO HOLD ME!
THE DOCTOR SUCCEEDS...
MOMENTS LATER...
MUST STOP IT!
SORRY, DOCTOR!
FORGET IT, BRIGADIER. HE'S NOT THE ONLY ONE WITH TRICKS.
WHILE I WAS SEARCHING HIM I MANAGED TO PUT A RADIO-ACTIVE TRACE ELEMENT OVER HIS SHOES...
IN THE ULTRA-VIOLET BEAM OF THIS TORCH, HIS FOOTPRINTS WILL SHOW UP CLEARLY! COME ON.
YOU'RE A GENIUS, DOCTOR.
WITH ANY LUCK HE'LL LEAD US TO HIS HIDEOUT! I BELIEVE HE LEFT THE TRAIN AT THE LAST STATION AS A RED HERRING!

THIS WAY, BRIGADIER.
I'M RIGHT BEHIND YOU.
MINUTES LATER...
THE PRINTS HAVE STOPPED!
TOWER HILL
YOU CAN'T DISAPPEAR IN A TUNNEL.
UNLESS YOU'VE FOUND ANOTHER EXIT!
DON'T SPEAK IN RIDDLES, DOCTOR!
THERE MUST BE... SOME HIDDEN WAY OUT! I THINK HE'S HEADING FOR THE TOWER OF LONDON! YOU GO AHEAD AND WARN THEM. I'LL STAY LOOKING HERE...
MINUTES LATER...
NOW WHAT HAVE WE HERE?
I MUST BE DIRECTLY UNDER THE TOWER ITSELF.
BUT, AT THAT MOMENT...
THE ALARM SYSTEM. SO THE DOCTOR HAS FOUND MY LAIR.
SO I MUST PREPARE TO MAKE HIM WELCOME!
AND SOON...
A SECRET ROOM — SOMEWHERE UNDER THE TOWER OF LONDON!

BUT, AS THE DOCTOR PUSHES INTO THE ROOM...!
A TRAP!
GOOD EVENING, DOCTOR!
THESE ANCIENT RELICS HAVE THEIR USES, DOCTOR! I HAVE ANOTHER ANCIENT PIECE THAT MAY INTEREST YOU.
I'M SURE YOU'RE GOING TO SHOW ME WHETHER I'M INTERESTED, OR NOT.
VERY PRIMITIVE, OF COURSE, BUT EQUALLY DESTRUCTIVE.
IT'S WHAT I WOULD HAVE EXPECTED FROM YOU.
YOUR FRIEND THE BRIGADIER CAN TAKE THE TOWER APART STONE BY STONE... BUT NOT SOON ENOUGH TO SAVE YOU!
I SHOULD HAVE GUESSED!
IT WILL SOON BE OVER, DOCTOR.
THE FUSE WILL TAKE ABOUT TWO MINUTES TO BURN, DOCTOR! SO I'LL JUST SAY GOODBYE. WITH YOU OUT OF THE WAY... I SHOULD BE IN CHARGE OF THIS PITIFULLY PRIMITIVE WORLD QUITE SOON!
YOU MUST EXCUSE ME, DOCTOR, I HAVE THINGS TO DO!
FACE TO FACE WITH DEATH! THE DOCTOR SEARCHES FOR AN ESCAPE...
ONE MINUTE LEFT! BRUTE FORCE IS THE ONLY SOLUTION...

HEEEAVE! HEEEAVE! IT'S MOVING...
AND THEN!
SHAKEN BUT UNHARMED — THE DOCTOR IS FREE!
AND NOW— TO STOP HIM!
THE STAIRCASE LEADS TO A PASSAGE — AND ANOTHER SECRET PANEL. AS THE DOCTOR EMERGES...
BLIMEY — WHAT'S GOIN' ON? HERE'S ANOTHER OF 'EM! STAY WHERE YOU ARE — YOU!
ANOTHER? QUICKLY, THE FIRST MAN — WHICH WAY DID HE GO?
RUN AWAY FROM US, HE DID — OFF TOWARDS TRAITORS' GATE! HERE, WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
NO SIGN OF HIM YET, BRIGADIER.
TRAITORS' GATE... THE RIVER! ONE EXIT THE BRIGADIER WON'T HAVE COVERED!
WHAT WAS HE AFTER, DOCTOR?
OBVIOUSLY THE CROWN JEWELS, I'D SAY.
AND, SOMEWHERE IN THE DARK RIVER THAMES...
DAMN YOU, DOCTOR! I NEARLY DID IT!

# Can you spot the differences?

**Reproduced here are two photographs which are exactly the same. Or are they? Look very carefully, and you may be able to spot the eight alterations that our artist has made to the picture on the right.**

**ANSWERS:**

1 The hat-band is narrower. 2 Cameraman's hand is gripping nothing. 3 Lady has lost her handbag. 4 A chimney pot has appeared. 5 Dr. Who's coat is longer. 6 The white house is minus a window. 7 A bin has turned up beside the tree. 8 Two lables on the power-pack are missing.

TV ACTION
5p
MISSION IMPOSSIBLE
STARTS TODAY!
DR. WHO
THE UGRAKKS—Part Ten
The Doctor and Professor Lammers seem doomed to entombment on the nightmare Ugrakk planet. Deep underground, the fugitives find the base of the Ugrakks' fungus city and plan its destruction. But discovery prompts a desperate move—detonation of the cavern's explosive nitrate deposits!
GREAT PRINCE OF DARKNESS WE FEAR TO US THAT WE MAY SEE YOU!
WE CAN'T TAKE ALL THE GOLD, FEDTLER MAY STILL GET SOME!
SUDDENLY...
SOON.
AS THE SMOKE CLEARS...
TV ACTION
Follow all television's top ACTION adventures every week. Dr Who, The Persuaders, The Protectors, Mission Impossible, Cannon and Hawaii Five-0 are just a few of the many stories in each 24-page issue. Plus other interesting features. Every Monday. Price 5p.